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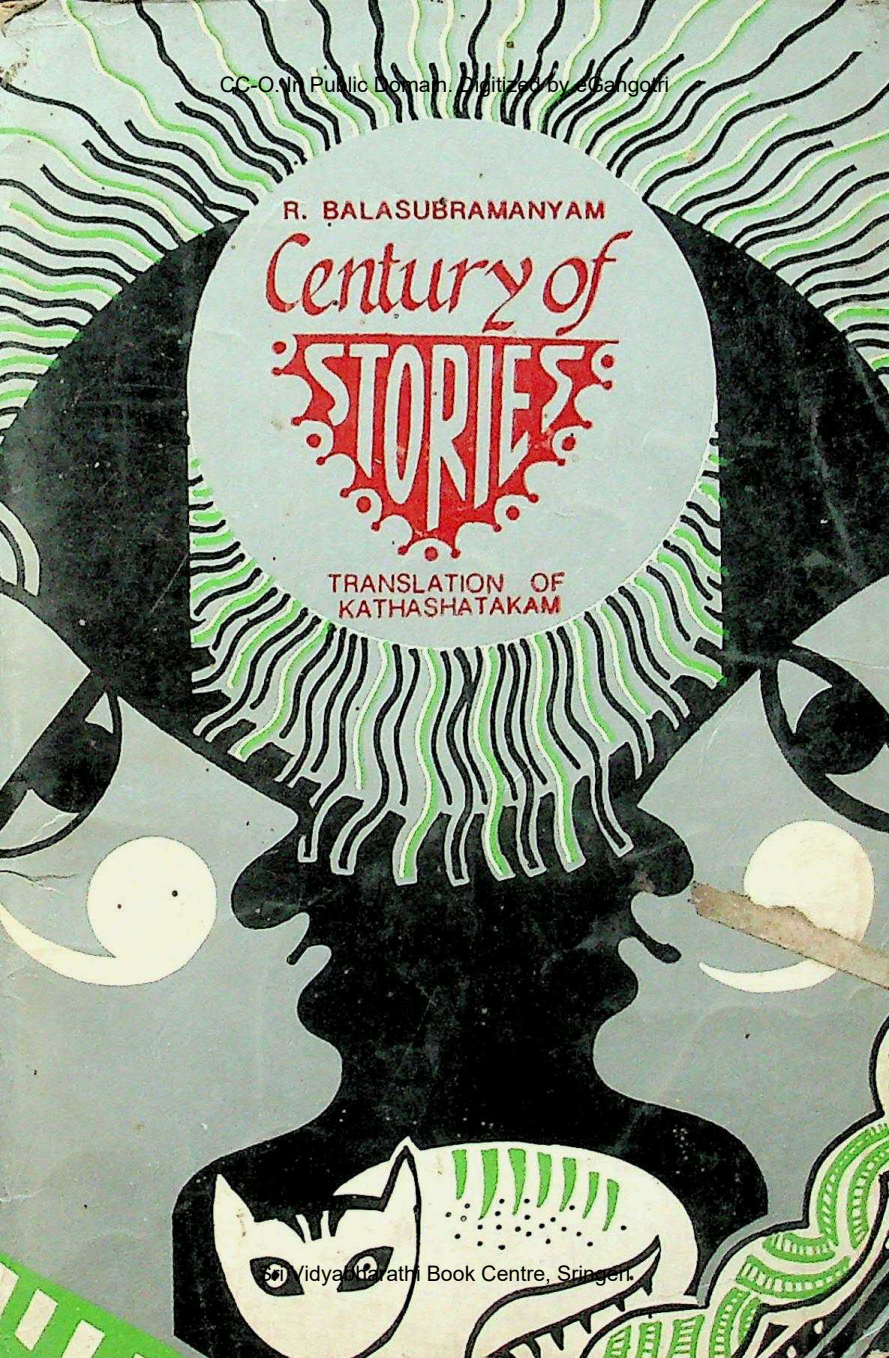
R. BALASUBRAMANYAM

Century of STORIES

TRANSLATION OF KATHASHATAKAM



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CENTURY OF STORIES

(Translation of Kathāśatakam)

Translator

R. Balasubramanyam

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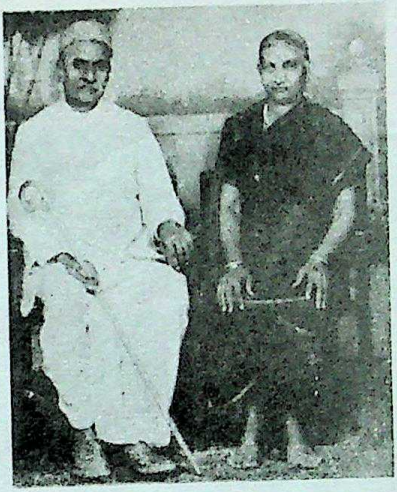

This publication is offered as a respectful homage to
my dear parents (of revered memory)
Melapuram-Chinnaswami Iyer RAMANATHAN
and
GOWRI AMMAL
for their inspiration.

R. Balasubramanyam

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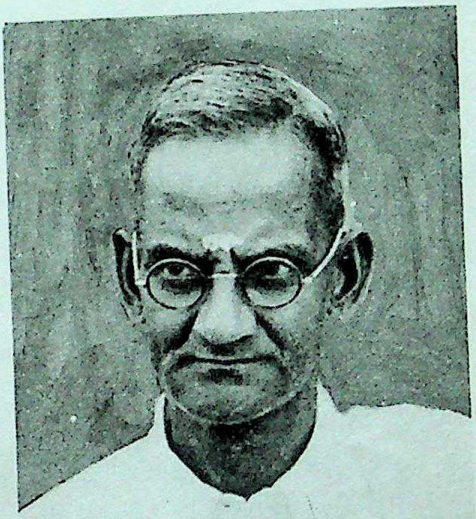
DEDICATION



This book is also dedicated with love to my uncle
Sri Karatholuvu Sankarier NAGESWARAN, B.E.,
(a versatile scholar,)
on the occasion of his 92nd Birth-day.

R. Balasubramanyam

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FOREWORD

Kathāśatakam or Century of Stories in Sanskrit, was first published a century ago by the profound Sanskrit Scholar late. S. Venkatarama Sastry. Ever since its publication the work has enjoyed the admiration of the Sanskrit lovers.

Sri. R. Balasubramanyam though an advocate by profession, an ardent lover of Sanskrit language and culture by instinct, has placed the Sanskrit world under a deep debt of gratitude, by republishing *Kathāśatakam* which was out of print for long, and publishing translations of the same both in Kannada and English.

Collections of *Kathāśatakam* type in lucid style are few and far between. Though some of the stories of *Kathāśatakam* display some involved sentences and a few laborious constructions, the diction in general is as easy as it is graceful. Apart from including fables selected from the Pañcatantra, Hitopadeśa and otther celebrated collections, the author of the *Kathāśatakam* narrates in chaste Sanskrit some jokes, humourous incidents, memmorable events current among the people of his times. Thus we have a fairly good variety of stories that treat both commoners and professionals of diverse nature. A characteristic feature of the collection, which cannot be lost sight of, is the depiction of the a tension-free social atmosphere as it existed a century ago in this land, which is dogged by differences of caste

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and creed despite the secular mask it wears today. Stories of *Kathāśatakam* present a pleasant contrast to the disturbed social structure of the present day. The characters of *Kathāśatakam* are drawn from almost all sections of society. Here we meet with gluttunous Brahmans, stingy Vysyas, the rude-mannered but sharp-witted Muslims, servants both guileless and cunning, masters, generous and stern, discerning judges, exploiting advocates, selfish men and women, simpleton-boys, fools and idiots, in addition to the usual quota of kings, ministers, astrologers, travellers, saints and sinners.

The translation in English is brought out to help the students understand the sanskrit original better. Hence, the English rendering cannot be treated as an independent work. In order to correctly portray the Sanskrit style of sentence construction, genuine English style, appears to be at stake in some places. However, it should be noted that, it is a deliberate 'device' adopted by the translator to guide students who learn Sanskrit through English, as most of them do these days.

I have been an eye-witness to the painstaking job of translation and publication undertaken by Shri. R. Balasubramanyam. His great adoration of Sanskrit language matched with an equal fervour to spread the same, has left me spell bound.

I hope this translation brings him the sense of fulfillment, which every author feels when his love

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of labour is recognised. I express my heart felt thanks to Shri. Balasubramanyam for providing this pleasant opportunity of writing a foreword to this lovely collection of stories, which I have enjoyed reading.

14–12–1992
Bangalore.

S.R.Leela
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Introduction

This book is not an independent book of stories. It is just a translation of *"Kathāśatakam"* in Sanskrit, prepared and first published more than a century ago by a great scholar of eminence, late S. Venkatarama Sastry who was the Principal of the Maharaja's Sanskrit College at Mysore. The publication was a result of his great fervour to encourage the wide-spread use of the language.

The original in Sanskrit as its title indicates contains 100 stories, running from 5 lines to 50 lines each, intended to convey some moral or some special instruction of practical wisdom. As the movement to popularise the ancient language is gaining momentum all over India, it was thought appropriate to re-publish the century-old book with the hope of serving the need of the learners. In order that they may closely follow the stories, translated editions of the same in English and Kannada re published to serve as a hand-book of translation.

A word of caution needs to be sounded regarding these translated editions. Accuracy of translation of the original in Sanskrit can neither be attempted nor attained. It is firstly, because despite the rich diction of the English language, several words and expressions do not have exact equivalents, as for example *"Dharma," "Shrāddha," "Samārādhana,"*

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"Vanabhojana" because of the diversity of culture and customs. Secondly, if accuracy of translation is attempted, the spirit of the original would be lost and if prominence is paid to the language the spirit would be sacrificed. A golden-mean is struck to keep the translation as loyal to the original as possible. That is why we find involved and round-about expressions and sentences in the translation. If these translations are read with the original, they would convey the intended meaning. On the other hand, if these are read without reference to the original, they would make a queer and starnge reading, (as an independent collection of stories).

The Kannada translation does not present the same degree of difficulty, as Kannada is based on the mother language Sanskrit. In view of the honest intention of the publication to help the readers of the original, shortcomings may kindly be overlooked and brought to the notice of the translator for future guidance.

In this work of translation, immense help has been rendered by Sanskrit Vidhushies like Smt. Lalitha Subrahmanya Sastry, Smt. Ranganayakamma, Vidwan. Mahabalesha Sastry. The translator expresses his unqualified gratitude to all of them.

The unique help and cooperation of Dr. S.R. Leela, Professor of Sanskrit in NMKRV College for women, Bangalore, in the preparation and publication of this book cannot be amply expressed. But for

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her all-round help this book would not have seen the light of day so soon. For all this and for the encouraging foreword of her for this book, I express my unqualified gratitude to her.

The undersigned specialy thanks Messrs. Vāgartha Printonics and M/s. Keerthi Printers for promptness and neatness of this publication.

R. Balasubramanyam
Editor and translator

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STORY 1

A man saw that a scorpion was about to fall into the fire (from above). He thought he could acquire merit (Punyam) by saving it. He saved it by preventing its fall (by putting his hand across). Without even considering the man's help, it stung his hand. As a result, he suffered severe pain.

Therefore, the wicked do not deserve any help (Kindness is lost upon the wicked).

STORY 2

A man had a black dog. He thought he could make it white. He started taking it to the river and washing it for over a long period of time. Still the dog did not turn white.

It is futile to attempt the impossible.

STORY 3

Once, some boys were playing on the bank of a pond. Seeing frogs therein, they began to hurl stones at them. Then, one of the frogs addressing the boys said, "Hallo boys! to hurl stones at us is a sport for you. It costs our life."

Wanton cruelty should be avoided.

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STORY 4

There was a learned man in Kashi. He had two sons. He gave all his wealth to the elder. He gave good education to the younger. The elder one spent away all the money in a few days and became poor. By his learning, the younger one earned a lot of wealth and lived happily.

Learning leads to happiness.

STORY 5

Sitting on the bank of a well, a monkey was eating a mango. When it bent and peeped into the well, it saw its reflection. It appeared as though another monkey was under water eating a mango. Thinking of snatching the fruit by frightening the monkey (within), the monkey shouted loudly when the fruit in his mouth fell into the well and sank. The monkey became very sad.

In coveting to seize the property of others, we lose our own.

STORY 6

Once a boy went to a garden and saw a good fruit on a mango tree. Though he wanted to pluck it, he was scared of the thorny bush all around. He went home without the fruit. Another boy, without

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being afraid of the thorn, climbed the tree, plucked the fruit and ate it.

Therefore, fortune favours the brave.

STORY 7

Once a thief became the king of a city. A great poet went to him and composed a few poems about him. Then he asked the king to give him some gift. The king ordered the nearby attendants to snatch away all the clothes worn by the poet and drive him out. Accordingly, they snatched away all his clothes and rendered him bare-bodied.

The base retain their baseness even when exalted.

STORY 8

A king got a neem seed and got it planted in a seed-bed made of sugar. As soon as it sprouted and started growing, he brought it up by sprinkling milk. Thereupon, plenty of flowers and fruits appeared on the tree. Thinking that the fruits would be sweet, he put one fruit in his mouth only to find it bitter. It was not sweet.

Even though the wicked is brought up in the company of good people, he will not give up his innate bad quality.

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STORY 9

Once a man lived in a village. He had a son. When he was going with his son to another village, the boy shouted for fun, "daddy,Daddy, tiger has come." Turning back, the father found that there was no tiger. After going some distance, a tiger caught hold of him. Again, he loudly cried, "tiger has come." The father thought that he was so shouting for fun as before and proceeded without looking back. The son was killed.

No one believes a lier.

STORY 10

Once two boys went to a garden. One of them saw lovely fruits on a tree and desired to pluck them. The second boy asked him not to pluck the fruits, as the gardener would thrash him if he saw him but the other did not heed. He climbed the tree, plucked the fruit and got down. Just then the gardener came there and caught hold of him and asked him as to why he plucked these fruits. Then that boy replied, "I did not pluck them . The other boy plucked and put into my hand," pointing out to the boy who had advised him not to indulge in bad acts. The gardener caught hold of him and punished him.

Shun the company of the wicked.

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STORY 11

A person having prepared an axe, went to a forest in search of a suitable handle for it. While doing so, a tamarind tree asked the person what he wanted. He said, "all that I want is an arm-length of stick." "Is that all?"so saying, the tree gave him a stick out of its branches. Then the person, by chipping it off, made a handle. Then he started cutting off the very tamarind tree and the other trees in the forest and began to sell the wood.

It is dangerous to help the enemy.

STORY 12

In a forest, there was a tiger. It was tormenting the other animals in the forest by mere sight of them without caring for them. Once the tiger sighting a bull pursued it. By bad luck, it missed its prey and fell into a deep pit. Seeing the tiger fall into the pit, all the animals assembled and planned, "if we do not kill the tiger at this juncture, it will tease us again. We should kill it at once." So saying each animal began to hurl a stone at the tiger with the result that the pit was filled with stones and the tiger died.

No one however strong can afford to war with a whole community.

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STORY 13

In Hastinapur, there was a washerman by name Vilasa. He had a donkey. Having carried loads day in and day out, it had become very weak. It was lying down not being able even to get up. Then the washerman covered it with the hide of a tiger and allowed it to graze in a field full of crops. Seeing it, people all around ran away out of fright, thinking that it was a tiger. After sometime, the owner of the field noticing that by its behaviour it did not display the characteristics of a tiger, decided to test it. He covered himself with the skin of a donkey and went to the spot. On seeing him,the donkey thought it was a female donkey, began to bray and run towards it. The owner realising that it was a donkey by its voice, killed it.

Thus imprudent persons invite their own destruction.

STORY 14

A person owned a she-buffalo. It was yielding plenty of milk every day. He used to sell it for two coins and was eking out his livelihood out of the income. While doing so, he once thought, "I get just two coins only, by selling the milk it yields. At this rate I cannot become rich. Therefore, let me cut its udder and sell at once all the milk stored within. I would get a lot of wealth." Thereupon, he cut its udder only to see within nothing else

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but blood and flesh. Then he was grief-stricken as the buffalo which was his sole source of support died.

Avarice to possess more, endangers the present possession.

STORY 15

There lived a learned man in Kanchipuram. He was eking out his livelihood by teaching a large number of students. One day, a boy approached him and requested thus: "Respected Sir, I have a great desire to learn and so you must give me good education." Deciding to test the intelligence of the boy, he asked the boy, "where is God?" Thereupon, the boy requested him kindly to show where God was not, so that he could offer his reply. Realising, by his words, that the boy was intelligent, he granted his request and taught him well.

Genius is often discerned even in the child.

STORY 16

Once upon a time a cat and a fox were chatting. The fox asked the cat, "if ever danger were to befall you, how many plans do you know to escape." The cat replied that it knew only one method whereby alone it could cross all dangers. Thereupon, replying in contempt, the fox said, "is that all you know?

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It is impossible for you to learn all the ways I know." Just then,some hounds suddenly emerged from somewhere. Seeing them, the cat climbed upon a tree nearby. The fox being unable to climb and knowing no other way of escape, died by the attack of the hounds.

It is better to master fully at least one art than to know many imperfectly. (jack of all trades but master of none).

STORY 17

There was a banyan tree on the bank of river Godavari. By building nests on the said tree, parrots used to live with their young ones for over a long period of time. Once in the month of Karthika, there was a heavy rain. Then all the monkeys on the river bank unable to bear the cold, gathered at the foot of the tree. Then the parrots in the nests, said to the monkeys: "God has bestowed upon you limbs with which you could build a house for yourselves." At this, the monkeys thought that the parrots were ridiculing them, climbed up the tree after the rain stopped and destroyed the nests of the parrots and their young ones too.

Uninvited advice to the foolish, only angers them.

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STORY 18

Once there lived two boys in a place. One of them was intelligent and the other a dullard. Once they went to a garden and obtained a coconut. Breaking open the coconut, the intelligent boy ate all the kernel inside and gave the outer shell to the dullard. Breaking the shell into small pieces, the dullard put one of them in his mouth only to find it as hard as a stone. Then he realised he had been deceived by his friend and decided to repay him (in the same coin) if he again indulged in such a practice. After a few days, they obtained a mango fruit. To wreak vengeance for the past act of his friend, the simpleton told his intelligent friend to give him the core and eat all that was available at the outer part. At this, the intelligent boy gladly accepted the offer, ate all the kernel outside and gave the simpleton the inside shell with the seed.

Thus the dull-witted get deceived again and again.

STORY 19

In a village a person reared a monkey and a ram with great care. On some errand, he had to go to another village. He carried with him, for use during the journey, curd-rice packed in a cloth bundle, taking with him the ram and the monkey too. Coming across a pond on the way, he broke his journey

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and tied the ram and the monkey to a nearby tree. He lodged the food-packet near the animals and went to the bank of the pond. By the time he could return after washing his teeth and wearing his washed clothes, the monkey ate away all the curd-rice, smeared around the mouth of the ram all the food particles that were sticking to his hands and sat at distance feigning innocence. When the man returned from the pond, he found that there was not even a grain of rice except what was smeared on the mouth of the ram. He thought that the entire food kept by him was eaten up by the ram and thrashed it, out of great anger.

Undiscerning masters apply the rod erringly.

STORY 20

A villager had a mangoose. He was rearing it lovingly. He entrusted it to the care of his wife while going to another village on some errand. Next day, she put her baby in the cradle leaving the animal near it and went to the tank to fetch water. Meanwhile, a cobra reached the cradle wherein the baby was asleep. Attacking the cobra, the mangoose cut it into pieces. In order to appraise its mistress of this matter, it approached her with the blood-stained mouth. Seeing this plight, and concluding that the mangoose had bitten and killed her baby, she hurled a piece of stone at it, and it died. On reaching home, she found her baby sleeping soundly in the cradle and the cobra cut into pieces lying near it.

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At once, she started crying, "fie on me, a great sinner. I have killed the mangoose, the saviour of my baby without ascertaining truth"

Rashness has to be rued.

STORY 21

Sudarsana, by name, was the king of Ujjain City. He had a son who was indulging in evil activities of falling foul on any one whom he came across, ridiculing learned men and teasing the poor and so on. The king, being very much grieved that his son had become a persecutor, one day summoned him to his house. Seating him by his side, he advised him thus: "By your acts of insulting the learned and others, sin will accrue to you. No harm whatsoever would result to them. I shall give you one instance. If any one, feeling jealous of the bright mid-day sun, were to fill one's mouth with water and spit at the sun, the water will only return and fall on his own face. No harm of any kind would be caused to the sun." Realising that his father's words were proper, he gave up his evil qualities and became a good man.

Sound and seasonable advice succeeds.

STORY 22

A Brahman living in Dharapuram once went to a forest to fetch flowers and fruits. Seeing a tiger

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come, he started running, out of fright. The tiger, following him, held him. Then he made a request to the tiger, saying, "showing mercy on me, release me for just three days only, by sparing me. Meanwhile I shall go home and complete all my work, meet all my relatives and talk to them and return to this place." To this, the tiger said, "what should I do if you do not return?" The Brahman took oath and said he would in truth return. Sorrow-stricken, the Brahman went home, finished all his work in order within three days, returned to the tiger in time as per the oath taken. The tiger, for its part, praising the truthfulness of the Brahman, sent him away without harming him.

Truthfulness commands esteem.

STORY 23

There was a king in Angadesa. An astrologer used to visit him every day. Once the king asked him to tell him as to how many years from thence he would live. To this, he replied that it was impossible for him to live for more than two years. Hearing these words of the astrologer, the king was sunk in sorrow. The minister who was nearby asked the astrologer, "you have predicted that the king will not live for more than two years. Is it possible for you to say how long you will live from now on?" The astrologer replied, "I shall live for 20 years henceforth." Then the minister drawing out his sword from its sheath, cut off the head of the

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astrologer in one stroke. Turning to the king, he pacified him saying, "Honoured Sir, you got frightened at his words. When he cannot predict the time of his own death, how can he say of others? O king, do not be afraid." The king felt happy at the intelligence of the minister and gave him a lot of gifts.

Therefore, one need not depend on the words of the sooth-sayer.

STORY 24

In a forest a tiger was preying on the beasts of the forest. once it got a wild buffalo and ate it. A bone of the buffalo got stuck up in between the teeth of the tiger. When it could not pull it out, there resulted a great pain on account of the collection of blood and pus. Then the tiger placing its painful face at the foot of a tree and lamenting a lot saying, "how can I pull out the bone? How can I live? What shall I do?" Saw a crow on the tree and entreated the crow saying, "O Crow! I am caught up in this plight. If you were to pull out the bone from my mouth and save me, I shall give you plentiful of the meat I bring every day. Please do me at least this much of favour." Taking pity, the crow entered the mouth of the tiger and pulled out the bone and begged the tiger, "you had told me that you would give me meat. Give it now alone." To this the tiger said, "instead of feeling happy for my sparing you without biting

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when you had entered my mouth, you are demanding meat. Don't stay here henceforth, get out."

Thus, when prosperous, people forget the friends who have helped them in times of danger.

Gratitude has short memory.

STORY 25

Sitting on the brink of a well a boy was weeping loudly. Then a thief approaching the boy,asked him " lo! boy, why are you crying?" The boy replied," when I peeped into the well while playing, the pearl necklace slipped from my neck and fell into the water. If I go home without the necklace, parents will thrash me. Therefore, I am weeping." Thinking of knocking off the necklace on hearing the boy saying so, the thief said to him, "Hallo! Don't fear! I shall climb down into the well and return with the pearl necklace. Till then lookafter my clothes carefully." So saying, keeping the clothes on the bank, he got into the well bare-bodied. As soon as he got in, the boy ran away at once taking away the clothes. When the thief came out of the well after searching the necklace in the well for a long time without any avail, he found the boy missing. Being surprised, the thief said, "I thought I alone was clever. Even I have been duped by this boy."

There are persons who are cleverer than the cleverest.

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The robber is robbed and the wily outwitted.

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STORY 26

Once a Brahman proficient in all the shastras, desiring to visit Benares, set off with his disciples. While so proceeding, he saw a Brahman boy grazing cows in the evening time and desiring to halt for the night, asked him, "how far is your village from here?" To this, the boy said, "O Brahman! Look at me. Look at the cows I am grazing. See the forest. Note the night-fall. If you consider all these, the answer to your question would be clear. In case my village were not to be near, would I be grazing all these cows in such a forest all alone at this time?" Hearing the words of the boy, and thinking that the boy was very intelligent, he followed him. On reaching his house, he (the Brahman) told his father, "your son is very intelligent. He is not fit to be asked to graze the cows. If he follows me to Benares in the company of my disciples, I would train him in all learning." The boy's father agreed to this and sent the boy with the scholar. Then the boy having acquired learning, became a famous scholar.

High merit often springs from obscurity.

STORY 27

In Madras City, there was an English nobleman. He did not like languages other than English. Therefore he was keeping with himself an interpreter knowing the local language. Once, a few bamboo-dancers

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(Montebanks) came to him, planted a bomboo and danced on it by displaying all their skill. Being very much pleased, the nobleman called his interpreter and ordered that 10 gold coins should be given to them. Then the interpreter took them to his house and gave them only one coin and asked them to go away. Feeling sad that this presentation was too small for the dance performed with such effort, they had a suspicion as to why the interpreter could not have cheated them. They went to the nobleman and showed him the single coin and represented to him that the interpreter gave it to them. Unable to understand their language, he sent for the interpreter and asked him, "what is it they say? Listen." Then addressing the noble man, the interpreter represented that they say, "Honoured Sire, this coin out of the ten coins given, is a counterfeit one. Let another coin be given taking this." Getting angry on hearing this, the noble man got them thrashed and drove them away.

Ignorant masters act unjustly by trusting their servants too much.

STORY 28

There was a king in Panchala country. He had a son who was very wise from his boyhood. He told his father once, "Respected Sire, I am very desirous of acquiring fame. By pursuing what course could I acquire fame?" The king said, "while ruling the kingdom, you must relieve the citizens of their

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troubles, after ascertaining well who are rich, and who are poor, if you protect the poor by giving them food and clothing now and then, thereby your reputation would spread far and wide. Giving big gifts to the rich, does not generate fame. Inspite of the gifts being big, no fame results. I shall cite an instance, Listen. When the plants are drying due to scarcity of water, if there is rainfall, the fame of the clouds spreads. The clouds do not acquire fame even if there is heavy rainfall over the sea." So saying and concluding that he was wise, he gave him half the kingdom. Taking this kingdom, he upheld the legislation and law given by the subjects. By identifying the poor, he protected them with love giving them food and clothing. Thereby he acquired fame.

A beneficient rule brings its own reward.

STORY 29

There was once a poor Brahman in a city. Once a merchant gave him a pot full of flour. While returning home carrying it, he felt tired and (on his way home) sitting on the outside pial of a way-side house, he thought thus: "if I were to sell the flour in the pot, I would thereby get half-a-rupee. Out of this half rupee, I shall by a lamb. After sometime, a big flock of sheep would result from the lamb. By selling the flock of sheep, I could buy cows and she-buffalos. In a few years alone, I would become the owner of 2000 heads of cattle. Then

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I would buy a big house and embellish it with mirrors and other beautiful articles and marry a lovely woman. I would beget a son from her. Then my desires would be fulfilled. Then she would show great love towards me. In case I do not fulfil any great desire of hers, sometime she would come near me for embracing me. Then I would kick her with my legs and make her to fall prostrate before me." So imagining it to be real, he kicked his leg and the pot fell down and broke. The flour got mixed up with mud. The pleasures he had imagined were all shattered.

Castle-building ends in a catastrophe.

STORY 30

On the sea coast a crow lived on a banyan tree. Seeing a swan flying across the sea-coast, it questioned (the latter) as to where it was going, to which the swan replied that it was bound to Manasa lake. The crow said, "if so, I too would come. Will you take me also?" Hearing it, the swan said, "Hallo Crow! what is Manasa Sarovar? Who are you? You cannot travel thus far." The crow became angry at these words and said, "Hallo Swan! Out of pride, you are saying so, knowing nothing. In fact, I am capable of flying faster than you. I shall demonstrate it at once. Come, start with me." So saying, it flew towards the sky then it flew across the sea for some distance along with the swan. Then it overtook the swan and flew fast

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forward, over a ten-fathom-distance, again it returned near the side of the swan and made fun of it, saying, "Hallo swan! You said you would fly fast. You cannot keep pace with me. Without knowing your strength, you have insulted me." After going for some distance, the crow bacame very much exhausted and it became impossible for its feathers to fly. Laughing at the crow, the swan prevented the crow from falling into the water by holding it in its feathers and taking it to the shore left it there.

Weak and unworthy people, insult the strong and good, ultimately lowering their own dignity.

STORY 31

Once there lived a Muslim in Maslipatam. One night, thieves entered his house suddenly and robbed away all. While he was skilfully trying to trace the theft, he found some of the stolen articles with a person. On reliable reasons and on enquiry, it bacame clear that he was certainly the thief. Then he produced him before a judge. The judge for his part asked the Muslim, "what material is there to create a belief in me that the theft in your house was committed by him alone? Who are the witnesses?" The Muslim replied he had no witnesses. The judge said, "the law says that a dispute in which there are no witnesses cannot be enquired into. Therefore, I do not like to make an enquiry." On hearing the words of the judge, he (the muslim)

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removed the slippers from his legs and began to beat the thief with them. The judge became angry at this and asked the Muslim, "for what reason, are you beating him?" The Muslim replied to the judge, "my Lord, if this fellow who has committed theft in my house had only informed me beforehand that he would come to my house to commit theft, I too would have arranged for witnesses to prove the theft. I am beating him as to why he did not so inform me." Being ashamed, the judge kept quite giving no reply.

A foolish judge is easily confounded.

STORY 32

There were two persons who were dependent on a king. One of them was a Muslim and the other a Brahman. Every day, the king used to give gifts lovingly to both of them. Both of them became rich thereby and lived happily. One day the king addressing them asked, "by whose grace you are both happy?" The Brahman replied, "we are happy on account of your grace." As for the Muslim, he said, "I am happy on account of God's grace." The king in order to test the words of both, cut a cucumber, filled it with pearls, closed the opening and gave it to the Brahman. He gave only two coins to the Muslim. Not knowing that the cucumber contained pearls within it, and feeling sad that the king gave him such a small thing, he left the palace. On the way he told the Muslim, "I have no use

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for this cucumber. If you like, you can take it by giving me your two coins." The Muslim agreed and giving the two coins took the cucumber to his house. When he broke it open, he discovered that it was full of pearls. He became happy and reported to the king what happened. Hearing this, the king gave up his pride that every one was being protected by him, and lived happily.

Effort of man without the grace of God is useless. (Man proposes, God disposes.)

STORY 33

There lived a Brahman in a village in South India. He had two wives. The elder of them gave birth to a son. When the child was just seven months old, the Brahman desirous of going to Benares, set out with his wives. After travelling some distance, he died on the way. The women entered a village nearby and were bringing up the child with such love that it did not know who, of them, was his mother. In this state of affairs, one day the younger wife quarrelled with the elder and saying that she would no longer live with her took the child and started from the house. Then the elder one pulled the child asking (her), "why are you taking my child?" To this, the younger one replied, " I have given birth to this baby. Therefore I alone am taking him." Arguing thus, both of them, placed their dispute before the king. The king thought for a moment and asked his servant to cut the child into two

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parts and give one part to each of them. Then the younger one remained silent without saying anything but on the contrary, the elder one being the mother of the child not desiring the death of the child, thought within herself, "after all the son is mine. I would feel happy if the child could prosper wherever it may be" and told the king, "Respected Sire, the son is her's, not mine. Therefore, let him be given to her alone." Hearing her words the king concluded that the elder was the mother of the child and got the child delivered to her.

Thus, persons deciding disputes should be clever.

STORY 34

There was a rich merchat in Indraprasthanagar. A servant of his, one night stole some of his things and ran away. Next day, though the merchant made a search in several places, he could not get at the thief. After some days passed by, the merchant went to another town for the sake of trade. He saw, going in the street of the town, the servant who had run away after committing theft of the things in his house only few days ago, and he caught hold of his hands and asked him. "why did you commit theft of things in my house and run away?" Then he held the merchant by his waist and forcefully demanded of him, "you are my servant. I was searching for you for many days as you had run away committing theft of property from my house. I have caught you today. Produce my things this moment alone."

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Both of them disputing went to a judge and placed before him their versions. Thinking for a while, the judge saying, "one after another, both of you shall protrude your head outside through the opening in the window", ordered the butcher to cut off the head of that person who was the servant. The thief who had run away stealing the things in the house of the merchant, feeling afraid that being the servant, his head would be cut off, withdrew inside his head protruding beyond the window. As for the merchant, he stood motionless. From this, the judge concluded that the person who withdrew his head protruding beyond the window was the thief and that the theft had been committed by him in the merchant's house and punished him well.

Guilty conscience makes a coward of man.

STORY 35

In a town there was a merchant. He laid a garden in the rear part of his house. A lot of vegetables were being grown therein. One day, a donkey of a washerman entered the garden through an open door in the side of the house. While it was eating the vegetables, it was sighted by the wife of the merchant and was beaten severely with a stick. As a result, the bone of one of its legs was broken. Hearing this, the washerman approached the wife of the merchant and began to scold her, saying, "why did you break the leg of my donkey?"

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and kicked her on her abdomen. On account of the kick, she had an abortion. Then the merchant went to the judge, "my Lord, on account of the misdeed of the washerman, the son who was about to be born to me is destroyed. I was hoping that the son after his birth would protect me well in my old age. Therefore, let a suitable punishment be imposed on him. Then, the judge sent for the washerman and asked him, "why did you do this evil deed?" Then replied the washerman, "Sir, I kicked her on the abdomen since she broke the leg of my donkey, which carries everyday the clothes for washing." Hearing this, the judge thinking for a while, gave this decision, "until the leg of the donkey gets cured, the merchant shall carry the clothes for washing; as for the washerman, he shall take the wife of the merchant to his house and shall keep her there until she becomes pregnant."

Thus, if unworthy persons occupy the seat of justice it gets destroyed to a great extent.

STORY 36

There was a king in Ayodhya city. He formed a flower garden and was spending therein all his leisure in sport and recreation. He had a minister. A son of his used to go to the flower garden every day and thieve the flowers. Thereby, a lot of flowers was being lost. He (the king) called the gardeners and ordered them, "some one is thieving the blossoming flowers in my flower garden. By a careful

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watch, you catch hold of the thief and prevent him." Accordingly, they were careful, saw the minister's son plucking the flowers, caught hold of him red-handed with the flowers, and took him to the capital seating him in a litter. Fortunately, the minister was standing at the main entrance of the town. People who were there told him, "this son of yours, on the score that he committed theft of flowers in the king's flower garden, is being taken to the king. Do you not go to the palace and make an attempt to get him released?" Hearing this, the minister addressing them loudly replied, "if he has a mouth, he will escape. You may go." Hearing these words, the son of the minister grasped the idea of his father. He ate away all the flowers that were with him. When he was produced before the king, he asked him, "why do you thieve the flowers like this?" The minister's son said boldly, "Sir, I had come to see your flowergarden. I did not steal the flowers there. I have been brought unjustly." There being no flowers with him then, the king concluded that he had been brought unjustly, punished the gardeners and released him.

Thus wise people cleverly get over all the hurdles they come across.

STORY 37

There was a washerman in Benares. He had a dog and a donkey. One night, expecting him to be asleep, some thieves suddenly entered his house.

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They were making a hole with the object of robbing away all the things. The dog not being there, and seeing the thieves, the donkey thought, "suddenly entering my master's house, they are robbing everything. If the dog had been here, it would have barked loudly and woke up the master. It is not known when it would come or whether it would come or not. If I keep quiet until the dog comes, the whole house would be robbed. In times of danger, the duty towards the master should not be overlooked. I myself will bray and wake him up." He brayed loudly. Hearing the braying of the donkey, "why did this disturb my sleep ?" so thinking, the washerman got up out of great anger and mercilessly beat the donkey with a stick and again went off to sleep. Then the thieves entered the house and robbed. Just then seeing the dog coming, the donkey said, "the thieves were making a hole in my master's house. Then you were not here and when I brayed just to apprise my master about the coming of the thieves, then the master who woke up thinking that my braying was due to an act of bad behaviour, thrashed me and went away. At least now, you bark and inform the matter to the master." Even as the donkey was so saying, the dog started barking loudly. Hearing the barking of the dog, the washerman out of suspicion that thieves might have come to his house got up immediately and surveyed all the four corners of the house only to find that the thieves had left after robbing away everything. Thereupon, he became very sad.

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Thus, if any one were to enter upon the duty of others, one gets only blame. The intended work also gets spoiled.

Meddling with others job brings only the reward of blame.

STORY 38

There was a King by name Dwijakeerthi in Chola country. He had three sons. The king being old was unable to look after the affairs of the state. Thinking that he should hand over the kingdom to that son who was worthy to rule it, he wanted to test their worthiness. He called his eldest son and asked him, "what is your ambition? Tell me." The eldest replied thus: "My strong desire is to stay with great scholars proficient in grammar, logic, literature, and other sciences, and spend all my time in reading Ramayana, Bharata and other equally great books." Then the king gave him plenty of villages for meeting the expenses required for his living and sent him away telling him that he could act as he pleased. Then he sent for his second son and asked him, "what desire do you have in your mind?" He replied, "amassing a lot of money, I want to go on pilgrimages. This is my great desire." Then the king gave him as much money as he wanted and sent him away on pilgrimage. Then he called his third son and asked him, "what is your desire?" He replied, "as for me, I want to earn a kingdom and establish a great army therein,

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rule the people of the country with love, grow plenty of plants and trees in villages, and earn great fame." Then, hearing his words, the king bacame very much pleased and concluding that he was worthy for ruling the kingdom, he handed over the entire kingdom to him. The youngest son occupied the throne, ruled the kingdom with justice and all villages of his kingdom were in peace and plenty.

The worthiness of the person should be ascertained before entrusting power. (choose the right man to the right place).

STORY 39

There were two friends in Visakapatam. One of them, after finishing the sandhya duties everyday at sunset, used to go to the temple, circumambulate the God and offer namaskarams. As for the other, he would, at sunset time, go to the house of prostitutes, and spend his time in pleasurable activities and conversation with them. Both of them were mutually loving each other. The person going to the temple would think of his friend in the prostitute's house and of his activities therein, and would regret about his inability to act like him. As for the person going to the prostitute's house, he would contemplate on his friend in the temple and would constantly feel painful about his inability to spend time like his friend in the worship of God. In due course, both of them died. The person going to the house of the prostitute attained liberation. The other visiting

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the temple went to hell. Seeing this perverse situation, sage Narada approached God and asked, "O Lord, the person always going to the temple and constantly praying, has attained hell. The one living in the prostitute's house all his life, without contemplating upon you even for a moment has attained liberation. Being onmniscient, if you were to mete out such injustice, who will worship you in this world hereafter?" Hearing this and laughing, God replied, "the one who visited the prostitute's house was always contemplating on me. Therefore I gave him liberation. The one who went to the temple forgot me by turning his mind on extraneous matters. Therefore, he attained hell."

Thus, the mind makes a hell of heaven or a heaven of hell. Nothing else is the cause.

God rewards each one according to his deserts.

STORY 40

Mahaveera, king of Gandhara country, spent a lot of money and dug a tank of the depth of 2 date palms and of the area of one yojana (9 miles) and built a tank bund around it. Inspite of heavy rainfall and inflow of plenty of water, the tank used to remain dry. Not even a small quantity of water would collect there. One day, sitting on the tank bund, the king was thinking, "no water stays in this tank built at great cost. Alas! What a difficulty?" Then, there came a sage called Yerunda. Standing

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up, the king prostrated and made him take a seat, and talked to him with great love. The sage asked the king, "Hallo! Why are you looking worried? What is the cause?" The king replied, "great sage!, I got this tank dug up at great cost. Not a drop of water stays there. Therefore, I am worried." The sage replied: "O King! do not worry. When once cooked rice mixed with the blood of the neck of a king (full) of valour, generosity and like special qualities or of any sage possessed of all yogic powers and good qualities is offered as food to the Durga Devi located near the tank, then the water in this tank will never go dry. The tank would remain full like a sea." Hearing this, the king thought within himself, "it is difficult to find a king with great qualities. As for this sage, he is possessed of all yogic powers. He is readily available. Therefore I will make him as an offer to Durga." So deciding, he drew out his sword, cut off the neck of the sage, and offered the cooked rice mixed with his blood to Durga. Thereafter, on account of the grace of Durga, all the water falling in the tank stayed in. The tank also became full.

Therefore, whoever gives any advice, good or bad, to a king should do so, choosing the time; else, the adviser himself gets into danger.

STORY 41

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Once upon a time, a king named Nandana was ruling in Kerala country. A wrestler came to him

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and submitted, "Maharaja! I am very well-versed in the art of weaponry and others. I can fight with a ferocious tiger. I can also carry a mountain on my head. I see none except yourself who is competent to protect me giving salary commensurate with my strength. I have now come to your presence for making a living by invoking your protection." Hearing this, the King thinking within himself that he could have safety by keeping such a person, kept him with him by fixing a monthly salary of one hundred varahas (gold coins). In this state (of affairs), harmful wild animals which were on the increase in the mountain near the town began to harass the people to a great extent. Calling the wrestler, the king ordered him, "had you not at first said that you are strong enough to carry a mountain? Now on account of the proximate location of this mountain to the town, people are experiencing a lot of trouble. Carry this mountain far away and leave it somewhere else." The wrestler replied, "Maharaja, as you please." Next morning, accompanied by ministers, purohits, and the army, he (the king) went near the mountain. Then girdling his loins and tying a cloth around his head, the wrestler was waiting. The king called the wrestler and asked him, "what are you thinking? Start walking lifting and keeping the mountain on your head." The wrestler said, "I had no doubt previously submitted before Your Highness that I would only carry the mountain but not that I would be lifting it and carrying it on my head. Once the Maharaja commands the army

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to hoist the mountain and keep it on my head, then I shall carry it to any desired place and unload it there."

STORY 42

In Pannagaram village there was an old woman possessed of a stove (charcoal) and a cock. Every day as soon as the cock crew, people in the village would wake up from their sleep, come to the house of the old woman and carry some fire to their house. When things went on like this for a long time, the old woman thought, "my cock crows. Therefore the villagers are taking the fire for cooking their food and finishing their meal. If I leave this village and go elsewhere, how can the day dawn, how can the villagers finish their meal? Let me see." Without telling anybody and taking the cock and the stove she went to a forest far away from the village and stayed there. Next morning, the villagers who had gone to fetch fire as usual to the old woman's house, found that she was not there. Thinking she might have gone somewhere, they brought the fire from elsewhere, and finished their duties. As for the old woman, she was sitting in the forest till the evening without any food. She called a passer-by of her village going on an errand in the same path and asked him: "I was not in your village to-day. Did the day dawn there after the night-fall? Was fire available? Did you all finish your meals?" Being so asked, laughingly he replied, "Alas! Idiot! Does

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the world depend on your cock and your stove? Why are you starving here? Get up and go home." Feeling ashamed on hearing this, she returned to the village and gave up her ego that all people living there are depending on her and she became detached.

God has the responsibility of protecting all. Senseless people think that all were protected by them.

STORY 43

A merchant in a town had a friend. He was deaf. Once, hearing that the merchant's condition (of health) was not good, he started (to his house) to make an enquiry about his health. On the way he was contemplating what he should talk to him. He thought as follows: "I will meet him and offer my salutation. I would ask him, "Hallo! How is your health now?" He would reply, "I am a little better." I would express my happiness and ask him again, "what medicine do you take? What is the diet restriction?" He would reply, 'food without salt'. I would say, "may your health improve thereby." I would then ask, "who is the Doctor treating you?" He would reply, "so and so." I would say to him, "may this Doctor restore the health of your system by the grace of God" and return home. Thus thinking and reaching the house of the merchant and offering salutations to him (he) sat near him and asked him, "Sir, how is your health now?" The patient

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said, "fever is tormenting me much." Without understanding what he said and thinking that he was answering in the same sequence he had surmised, said, "good! Let God keep you in the same condition." The merchant who had been already exhausted by the disease, hearing these words became angry. The deaf man asked him again, "what medicine are you taking? What is the diet restriction for its intake?" Again, the patient replied, "something- mud dust. You go away." The deaf man saying, "let your health be restored thereby," asked again, "who is your doctor?" Getting extremely angry, the patient said, "Yama is the Doctor." "May God also help the treatment he gives" so saying the deaf man returned to his house.

STORY 44

There was a king called Sultan in the Muslim country. He would go to other countries, wage war and would also torment all sections of people in his own kingdom. Therefore, all his territory became barren and fell into ruins. Thereafter, his minister thinking that good sense should be made to dawn on the king by some strategem, from that day whenever he was conversing with the king, he would say, "I was serving a sage previously. By his grace, I learnt the language of the birds. I am able to understand all that the birds talk." In this state, while the king was returning from hunting, he heard on the way the hooting of the owls perched on

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a tree and asked the minister, "you know the language of the birds? Tell me what these owls say." Then the minister, feigning to listen for sometime to this noise, told the king, "O king! Those words are not fit to be heard by your ears." The king compelled him (saying), "whatever may be the words, tell me what they are." Thereupon the minister submitted with respect, "of these owls, one has a daughter and the other has a son. The owl with a son asks the one with a daughter, "will you marry your daughter to my son, giving (at the same time) fifty ruined villages?" The father of the daughter replied, "by the grace of God, may our king Sultan Mohammed happily rule the kingdom. Then what danger would befall our ruined villages? You asked just 50 ruined villages, I will give (you) 500 such villages." The king feeling much regret at the words of the minister, revived the ruined villages once again and brought happiness to the people.

STORY 45

There was a lion in Dandakaranya (forest by name Dandaka). It was attacking the beasts there and was preying (upon them). Once, all the beasts gathered together for deliberating upon the removal of their fear, always being caused to them by the lion, approached the lion and said, "O king of beasts! If you could only stop killing us, we would send to you for food one beast every day." The lion consented saying, "let it be so." and stopped

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tormenting the beasts. The beasts, for their part, were sending one beast everyday for its food. Some days passed by like this. The turn of going to the lion once fell on a fox. It was unwilling to become a prey to the lion. Deciding to devise some strategem to kill the lion and save its life, it went to the lion belatedly. Getting very angry that the fox came late, the lion demanded the fox, "why was there so much delay in your coming?" The fox said, "Sir, all the beasts entrusting to me another fox for the food of yourself, the king, sent me to inform you, the master. On the way, some other lion, taking away the fox meant for you sent me here to inform you." Hearing this, the lion getting angry ordered, "where is my enemy lion? Take me this moment to that place." The fox conducted the lion to the brink of some well, requested the lion, "the new comer is in this well. Sir, I would like to see him. Lift me and show it." Agreeing to this, the lion lifted the fox and peeped into the well when it saw the reflection of the fox. Thinking that the enemy lion was eating the fox in the well, the lion getting very angry and placing down the lifted fox, jumped into the well with great impact and died.

STORY 46

There was a prostitute in Kalyanapura. She was collecting one hundred Varahas (gold coins) from all those men who were seen by her in her dream

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during the night. One day some poor Brahman appeared in her dream. Then, giving a description of his features, she sent her maid-servants to find out the place where he was and bring 100 Varahas by demanding and collecting the same. Then seeing the Brahman going in the street, they requested him, "O! Brahman, You have appeared in the dream of my mistress. She collects 100 Varahas from the man appearing in her dream. Therefore proceed after paying 100 Varahas." Hearing these words and feeling sad, he said, "I am poor and unable to pay 100 Varahas." They very much compelled him, saying, "if you do not give the Varahas, we will catch hold of you." Then he went to the king of the town and represented (to him), "these (persons) are compelling me unjustly to give 100 Varahas." The king sent for the prostitute and asked her, "on what account are you troubling this man to give Varahas." The prostitute said, "I am demanding payment of Varahas as he appeared in my dream." The king telling the prostitute, "I shall get your money, wait a little," got a pole planted in the street. He tied 100 Varahas in the corner of a piece of cloth, and got it hung at the top of the pole. He kept a mirror at the bottom of the pole and told the prostitute, "we have tied the bundle of Varahas to the pole . You can see the Varahas in the miror below. Pass your hand into the mirror and take the money." She requested saying, "how can I take the Varahas seen in the mirror?" Ask someone to climb the pole, untie the bundle and

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give me the same." The king said, "the Brahman was seen in your dream. Therefore you have to pass your hand in the mirror and take the Varahas seen therewithin. We cannot bring down the bundle and give it to you." Then the prostitute went away bending her head in shame.

Therefore, persons deciding disputes must be astute and clever.

STORY 47

In Karnataka country, there was a weaver named Haimantaka. He was weaving silk cloth of fine texture. There was no one to equal him in that profession. He fell into extremely bad days, being unable to make an earning even for his daily maintenance.His neighbour, also a weaver by name Dheeman was living happily out of the large income he was getting by weaving coarse cloth. One day Haimantaka told his wife, "with great trouble, I am weaving fine cloth. Even then, I am in great distress being unable to make a sufficient earning. Our neighbour has become highly rich by weaving large quantities of coarse cloth. You know that there is none else here having my skill. I will leave this country and go to another and return after earning money." The wife said, "what is the use of going to some other place? Wherever you may go, you will make only so much earning as you are destined to get. It won't be even a little more. Therefore why do you undergo difficulties by going to some other

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country leaving your own?" Disregarding all that the wife said in this way, he left the house. Going to some other place, he earned in a few days a lot of money by weaving clothes as per the desire of the people there. Desiring to return to his country, he left that place and on the way he reached a choultry in the night. Securing all his money in some place, he slept. But thieves suddenly entered the choultry and robbed away all his money. Next morning when he got up from sleep, he saw that he had lost all. Feeling very sad and being convinced that the words of his wife were true, he felt disappointed thinking that he was not lucky to enjoy riches. He returned to his country and began to live on the income derived there alone.

Thus the unlucky do not succeed wherever they go.

STORY 48

Once there was a king in Kalinga country. A washerman used to wash his clothes well and used to bring them (back). One day the king being very much pleased with the clothes washed by him, sent for him and asked him, "I always like your work of washing the clothes. You may ask me any gift you like. I shall grant the same." So being asked, the washerman submitted to the king, "I wish to become the king's minister. The king may appoint me as a minister." Then the king removed a very long-standing minister of his and appointed the

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washerman in his stead. In a few days the enemies, coming to know that the king's minister was an idiot and incompetent, gathered an army, with which they came to wage a war with the king. Hearing this news, the king called the minister and ordered him, "let my army get ready for the war." The minister replied, "for this purpose, I have done already all the work that had to be done. Therefore, there is no need for any fear from the enemies." The king believed these words to be true. Then the armies of the enemies surrounded the city. Then the king called the minister and asked him, "the enemies have entered my city. What have you done to oppose this?" The minister told the king, "O Lord! We do not have the least fear by the siege of the city. To rule this kingdom is very difficult. While I was contemplating how to get rid of this difficulty, by good luck the enemies occupied the city. Let them experience the difficulty in protecting this city. For over a long time, I was washing the clothes of hundreds of houses in this city. I had given up that profession after obtaining the position of a minister. Pursuing this profession once again hereafter, I shall give you half of it and eke out my livelihood out of the other half. I won't experience even the least difficulty from the profession. Considering all this, I did not make any arrangement for the war." Hearing this, the king realised that he had to encounter this difficulty by having given place to unwise people.

The unwise ought not be placed in high places.

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STORY 49

There was a Brahman in the city of Madura. He had two sons. He amassed a lot of money and died. His sons divided all the money into two equal halves, allotted the shares, put both the shares in a bag, sealed it and gave it to the hands of an old woman, a neighbour, and saying to her, "until both of us return after a pilgrimage, protect this money. When we ask you after our return, then give back this oney to both of us," they left on a pilgrimage. After some days, the younger thinking, "I shall deceive the elder and knock off all the money myself" got up at midnight, left for his village without telling the elder, and reaching it went to the old woman and told her, "I and my elder brother left on a pilgrimage. On the way, a huge tiger killed my elder brother. Therefore I have come alone. Return the money which we had given to you." Hearing this the old woman thought for a while thus: "How can I give the entire money?" Then concluding that he would not cheat his elder brother, she gave him all the money. As for him, he bolted away to an unknown place. Meanwhile, the elder brother feeling grief-stricken by not knowing the whereabouts of his younger brother, returned to his place and going to the old woman asked her, "I do not know where my younger brother went away. Return the money kept with you by us." The old woman said, "a few days back, your younger borther came here and reporting that you were dead, took away all the money."

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Quarrelling with the old woman, he took her to the Judge and narrated to him all his story. The Judge also heard the same version from the old woman. Realising that undoubtedly this man has been deceived told him, "formerly both of you put the money into the hands of the old woman telling her that when we both the brothers come together and ask this money, then you should return this'. If you bring your younger brother also, we shall get your money. If you like to take the money, bring your brother here." Hearing this, he was unable to give any reply.

STORY 50

In the city of Avanti, there were two merchants by name Subuddhi and Durbuddhi. Having gone to foreign countries, they earned a lot of money which, while returning, they buried under a tamarind tree near their place,without others knowing it and went to their houses. Later, on some day, Durbuddhi alone went near the tamarind tree, dug out and taking all the money, returned to his house. Some other day, when both of them went together and dug out at the foot of the tamarind tree, they did not see there the money hidden by them. Then holding the waist of Subuddhi, Durbuddhi alleged that, "you have secretely knocked off all the money. Thinking that no one knows it, you have come with me to dig out the money. Give me now alone the money that has come to my share" so saying

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he demanded him forcefully. Turning a deaf ear to his words meaning, "I don't know anything about this" Durbuddhi took him to a Judge and told him, "Subuddhi alone has taken away all the buried money earned by both of us jouintly. Therefore, Sir, please get me my share of the money." The Judge addressed Durbuddhi saying, "you are alleging that Subbudhi alone took away the buried money belonging to both of you. Can you prove it with witnesses?" Durbuddhi said, "I shall confirm this through the very tree under whose foot we had kept the money for safety." The judge said, "tomorrow I shall enquire into this matter by going to the tree." Thereafter, Durbuddhi took his father there secretly overnight, hid him in the hollow of the tree and told him, "when the Judge comes near the tree and asks, then say that all the money was knocked off by Subuddhi." Next morning, the Judge going with his followers asked, "who has robbed away the money secretly buried here?" The person in the hollow said loudly, "Subuddhi alone has robbed away all the money." All were surprised at these words. The Judge thinking for a while, put some hay in the hollow and set-fire to it. Then Durbuddhi's father who was in the hollow, being unable to breathe fell down dead. Thereby the Judge realised the deceit of Durbuddhi, concluded that he alone had robbed away all the money and got Subuddhi all the robbed money. Durbuddhi returned home in sorrow on account of the loss of money and of the death of his father.

Therefore, he who tries to ruin others is himself destroyed.

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STORY 51

There lived a Brahman by name Durgati in a village called Jayasthala on the banks of the river Cauvery. He was very poor. Every day he was going about for alms (begging) in four villages and was cooking and eating his food in the third part of the day time. After passage of some time in this way, one day the Brahman was returning home with difficulty in the hot sun after his begging. At that time itself, Lord Parameswara and Goddess Parvathi happened to travel in the sky in the same area. Goddess Parvathi, being moved by pity at the difficulties being undergone by the Brahman asked her Lord thus: "Let him be given some riches." To this, Parameswara replied, "Brahma has not written on the forehead that he should get riches. Throughout his life, he has to live only by begging." Hearing these words and saying, "let me see how he does not get riches," she threw a pile of 1000 gold coins on the path he was walking along. While coming at a distance of 40 cubit from the pile, saying to himself, 'let me test if I could walk like a blind man or not' and closing his eyes therefrom, he started walking and reached his home after crossing the pile of gold coins.

It is impossible to change the course of destiny.

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STORY 52

On a fig tree in Brindaranya, very many crows had built their nests and were living in them happily along with their young ones. Peacocks were living on a banyan tree near the above tree. One of the crows, seeing the members of its own fold and the peacocks, thought that the peacocks were superior, saying, "I will behave like a peacock." It pretended to be a peacock decrying its own community members. It collected all the peacock feathers which had fallen beneath the banyan tree and stuck them to its own feathers. Acting like a peacock, it entered the group of peacocks and lived there for some days. One day, the peacocks hearing its voice thought: "This is not a peacock but only a crow. It has joined our fold only to deceive us." They attacked it with their beaks and nails and caused wounds all over its body and drove it away. Feeling very sad, when it approached the crows of its own community, they explained in detail to the crow: "You had insulted us before and joined the peacocks and lived with them for some time praising the peacocks. You have again returned to us after receiving blows from the peacocks. Insulting us that we are inferior, have you not gone to the peacocks? Even now you may go there and join the company of the peacocks. What business have you with us? Get away," so saying the crows drove it away without giving any entry into the group of crows.

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STORY 53

A Brahman, by name Vasanthayogi, was living in an agrahar (extension) called Srirampura on the banks of the river Tamraparni. Deciding to perform a Yagna, he went to a nearby village to procure rams therefor. He purchased five good-looking rams and started home with them tying ropes around their neck. Seeing him coming along the road, four persons together planned to knock off the rams. One of them went towards the Brahman and said, "Hallo! Who are you taking mad dogs?" Hearing this, the Brahman saying that this drunken man called a ram as a mad dog proceeded further. Then the second man came to the Brahman and said "Hallo! Where are you taking the mad dogs? Go carefully lest these mad dogs should attack and bite people." When he heard these words, some doubt arose (in his mind). When the Brahman proceeded a littlemore further, the third man came to the rams asked him angrily, "Lo! Why are you bringing mad dogs and leaving them on the road?" Hearing this, the Brahman concluded they were (in reality) mad dogs, and was about to untie the ropes around their neck with a desire to abandon them. Then the fourth man said, "if you untie the collar rope, beware that they might bite. Tie them to a tree on the road." Then the Brahman tying them to a wayside tree ran away. Thereafter, they untied the rams and took them to their houses.

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Several rogues leaguing together outwit even a wiseman.

STORY 54

A person by name Sikatamayi lived in a village called Yachavara. One day desiring to go to another village, he started taking 8 weights of sand tied as a parcel to the end of a cloth. There was a person by name Gomayamayi in the adjacent village called Machavara. He also started to another village taking with him 24 weights of cowdung tied as a bundle at the end of a cloth. By coincidence, both of them reached the same village by evening and sat in a choultry. Seeing the bundle near Gomayamayi, Sikatamayi inferring it to be a bundle of cooked rice, and with the intention of knocking it off, asked cunningly, "Hallo! What is in your bundle?" Gomayamayi having already noticed the bundle of Sikatamayi and being under a delusion that it was raw rice, decided to knock it off. Then saying, "there is cooked rice in my bundle," asked him, "what is in your bundle?" Sikatamayi replied, "there is raw rice in my bundle. I regret for my not having brought cooked rice like you. What should a hungry man do with this?" Hearing this, Gomayamayi said, "I am not hungry now. Taking my cooked rice bundle, give me your raw rice bundle." Agreeing to do so, both of them exchanged their bundles. Each anticipating that the other would discover his deceit, left the place without staying

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there even for one moment. Having proceeded for some distance, each untying the bundle felt surprised at the contents within.

The crafty are often deceived.

STORY 55

There was a Brahman in a village by name Gannavara. He was eking out his livelihood out of the handful of rice obtained by begging every day in ten houses of the village. One day he went to the woods nearby to bring some sticks (Samit, used for Homa). Seeing a tiger at the foot of some tree and getting frightened, he stood trembling and perspiring. He thought, "Alas! I do not know what trouble the tiger is going to give me. By what device shall I return home? What shall I do?" Then there were two or three beasts near the tiger. Seeing the Brahman, they deliberated and thought, "this man has come without sense. The tiger might kill him if it sees him. Therefore his life has to be protected in a just way." Addressing the tiger, they said, "Oh! Tiger king, Your fame that you are extremely just has spread in all quarters. Therefore it appears that some Brahman wants to have your Darshan." Being pleased by these words, the tiger answered, "Good! Fetch him here." Then the beasts approaching the Brahman told him, "don't be afraid" and took him to the tiger with great difficulty. As for the tiger, showing great affection towards him, it gave him some jewels of persons whom it had

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killed before. Then the Brahman returned to the village feeling very happy and he was eking out his livelihood by selling those jewels. Thereafter, a neighbouring Brahman hearing this news, and deciding, "I too will go to the tiger and bring jewels," went to the forest. At that time there were foxes and dogs near the tiger. Seeing the Brahman, they thought thus: "By informing the tiger, when once we have him killed by the tiger, we get our food" and told the tiger "if the man who has come here is killed, one meal would be available." The tiger getting up suddenly caught him and killed him.

It is very risky to approach a king when surrounded by evil councillors.

STORY 56

There was a king in Vanga country. He had built a big fort and was always keeping a large army. While he was within the fort, even powerful enemies could not defeat him in war. As things stood thus, a wicked king subordinate to him, thought of making him, by some device or the other, to come out of the fort, catching hold of him, imprisoning him and occupying all his territory. He came to the king one day and requested him thus: "Respected Sire, the wedding of my son takes place tomorrow. Therefore, showing kindness towards me, you should come to my house, witness the auspicious marriage proceedings and then return." The king replied, "yes! Let it be so." Then, the king's minister coming

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to know of this news, approached the king and said, "Oh.king! It is learnt that you are going to the house of the king who is your subordinate. Being capable of employing the trick of 'splitting' (dividing) and possessed of a large army, he might practice deceit when you go to his house. Therefore, king, it is not proper to go to his house." Thus being told by the minister, the king asked him, "O minister! Even if he were to be a hypocrite, what danger would I face?" He also said, "he looks friendly towards me. So far he has not deceived me. Even now he may not do so. If he had this treacherous mind, why has he not deceived me when I am in my fort." The minister replied: "So long as you are protected by your fort, you cannot be defeated in war. Therefore he is desirous of your friendship. If you leave your fort and enter his house, you become a dependent. Then he will show his enimity towards you. Till now friendship is not displayed. Lotus is an example for this. Is it not true that the sun is the friend of the lotus. So long as the lotus is in water, the lotus blossoms inspite of the severe heat of the sun. If the same lotus is removed from water, the sun scorches it. Therefore the king should not go to his house." Listening to the words of the minister, the king being satisfied, gave up the idea of going to the house of his subordinate.

It is a great blessing for a king to have a wise minister.

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STORY 57

There were four friends in Mandarapura city. On account of extreme poverty, they were experiencing great difficulty even for food and clothing. At some time, they all gathered together and deliberated thus: "How long should we suffer this poverty? Let us plan some device to obtain happiness." Thus thinking, they went to the Durga Devi temple of that village and performed severe penance of Durga Devi. Being pleased by their penance, she manifested herself and told them to seek any boon. They prayed to the Devi thus: "We would like to become rich and happy. O Devi! Bless us likewise." Then the Devi gave four anklets to the four of them and said, "keeping the anklet on the head (of each) proceed towards north. Wherever this falls down, dig up that place and see. Whatever is merited, would be obtained." Accordingly, they set out keeping the anklets on their heads. First the anklet of one of them fell down. When they dug up, he saw plenty of copper. Addressing the three friends, he said, "this copper is enough for me. I stop here." He transported the copper on a bullock. When the other three proceeded for some distance, the anklet of the second fell down. On digging up, he obtained a lot of silver. Telling his friends, "this silver is enough for me. I stop here," he took away all the silver. When the remaining two proceeded a little, the anklet of the third fell down. When he dug up

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he obtained plentiful of gold and told the fourth friend thus: "Both of us will take this gold and be happy. Why should you go alone and experience difficulties. Stay here." He did not listen to the words of his friend and proceeded further. When the anklet fell down from his head,he dug up and obtained iron. Being unhappy and thinking, "I rejected the words of my friend. Atleast now let me go to him and be happy after obtaining from him all the gold he gifts to me." So deciding he started to search for his friend, who was not available at all. Thereby he became dejected and thinking, "let me eke out my livelihood by selling the iron obtained," he started to search the place. Even that could not be traced. He became very much unhappy and went back to the city and started living by begging.

If one does not listen to the words of one's wellwisher, one fails to got on well.

STORY 58

For over a long time, several kinds of fishes were living in a lake called Vimalapa. Once some crane seeing the acquatic creatures in it thought, "by some strategem, I must take them to my place and eat them a little by little everyday" and sat near the border of the water. For the reason that the fish and other creatures would get frightened on seeing it and run away, it addressed them, "all of you seeing me, would think that I might eat

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you, who are my natural prey and would go away to some other place being afraid of me. I have not come here to kill you. Till now, having been in the company of the birds of my community, I have caused a lot of torment to creatures. I am now old. I have developed an attitude of dispassion and have decided not to cause any torment to any creature. Therefore I have come to this lake to do penance. There is not the least doubt. Move about freely." The crane used such words as these, creating confidence among the aquatic creatures, which believed the crane. The crane stood indifferent without harming them even when they came near it. After some days passed in this way, one day, the crane was very much worried. Then the fishes came near it and asked, "O Crane! Why are you worried today?" The crane replied: "What shall I say! There would be famine and drought for a period of twelve years from now on. Then this lake would dry up completely. I have come to know this through my intellectual vision. You are all my friends. When the water in this lake dries up, you will all die. On account of this I am worried." Hearing the words of the crane and feeling happy they requested the crane, "you have great love for us. Find out some device to enable us to live when there is failure of rain. You alone can save us." The crane said: "There is a pond at a distance of 4 Yojanas (36 miles) from here. There is plently of water in it. It does not dry up at any time. You will be happy there." The fishes requested

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the crane: "Take us there." Agreeing to do so, it began to carry the fishes one by one and drying them on some rock, began to eat them every day to its heart's content.

Never believe the words of an enemy however convincing.

STORY 59

Once there was total failure of rain in Southern states. Then there was no water in reservoirs, rivers and streams. The elephants in the area, being thirsty, went in search of a place with plenty of water. On the way they reached a lake called, "Chandra Pushkarani." After quenching their thirst in the lake with plentiful of water, they decided to stay in the same place until there was good rainfall and abundance all over the country. They made a home in the nearby forest and were visiting the lake everday and drinking water. On the route taken by the elephants, there were lots of hares. Some of them died getting crushed under the feet of the elephants. All the hares assembled and deliberated: "These elephants staying here come to the lake every day for water. During their movement we get squeezed under their feet and die. What should be done?" One amongst them, told the rest, "Hallo! On account of what reason are you all sad? By some strategy or other, I shall make the elephants leave this place and remove your fear." So saying, it climbed to the peak of the hillock near the lake shining in

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the moonlight and said loudly to the elephants there, "O Elephants! The owner of this lake is Lord Moon. He has sent me here with this message. Listen! He got this lake dug up during ancient times and gave it the name, "Chandra Pushkarani" (Moon's lake) in order to publicise to all that he is its owner. Every night he was visiting this lake with heavenly damsels and was having water-sport. Since the past few days, all of you have come here and have rendered the water slushy by agitating the water. This has completely stopped the visit of the Moon to this place and he has become very angry with you. If you do not leave this place this moment and go elsewhere, he makes it known through me that he will kill you all to-night. If you are eager to know that he is angry,see him in this lake, where he manifests himself." Hearing this, they felt very much surprised and seeing the agitated reflection of the Moon in the water of the lake disturbed by the wind, they thought: "It is true, the Moon God is angry at us" and said, "we came here without knowing that this lake was yours. Please forgive our offence. We will not stay here any longer." Then they requested the hare, "please explain all this to the Moon God and see that he is not angry with us" and left the bank of the lake and went to some other place. Thereafter the hares lived happily.

By clever and proper means, one can gain one's ends.

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STORY 60

A king by name Kuntibhoja was ruling the city called Ananthapura. One day sitting on the throne in the middle of his court hall, he was surrounded by ministers, priests and other advisers. Then a warrior (Kshyathriya) armed fully, coming there and offering salutations to the king said, "O king, I have had special training in archery. I am disappointed without any job. Therefore I have come here." The king fixing his salary at a hundred gold coins a day, retained him near him. Ever since then he guarded the palace day and night. On a midnight, the king, sleeping on a cot upstairs, heard something like the wailing voice of a woman. The king got up and called the warrior-servant and asked him, "which is the weeping voice now being heard?" He said, "O king, I am hearing this weeping for the last ten days. I do not know why. If you permit me, I shall return after an enquiry into the matter." The king sent him, "very well! Come after enquiry." With the purpose of seeing where he went, the king covered himself with a blanket and followed him without his knowledge. Leaving the city, the warrior-servant saw a woman with dishevelled hair sitting near the Durga Devi temple and weeping. He asked her, "who are you? Why are you weeping?" She replied, "I am the Goddess presiding over the kingdom of Kuntibhoja, who will die within three

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days from today. If he dies, where should I go? Who will protect me? Out of fear, I am weeping." Being asked by the warrior, "is there no way to save the king?" she replied, "if you give your son as an offering to this Durga Devi, the king will live for a long time." Saying, "yes, I shall go home, fetch my son and offer him to Durga," he reached his home and explained to his son all these matters. Hearing this, the son said, "O father! Take me this moment to Durga Devi temple and give me as an offering and save the life of the king. If he were to live, many dependants could live taking his support." Taking his son to the Durga temple, the warrior-servant drew his sword and decided to cut off his head.Then Durga Devi manifested herself, held his hand and said, "I am satisfied by your valour. Don't kill your son. Seek any boon you like, I shall grant it." He prayed to the Devi, "let Kuntibhoja, the king of this city, get over the impending untimely death, and rule the kingdom for long. Grant me this boon, O Goddess." The Devi granted the boon saying, "let it be so! Let him live long happily" and disappreared. The warrior-servant,feeling happy and sending his son home, went to the palace. Being a witness to all that happened, the king returned to the palace unseen and seated himself there. Then the servant returned to the palace and reported to the king, "O king, some woman having quarrelled with her

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husband came there weeping. Pacifying her, I have sent her home." The king, pleased with his loyalty, made him the Commander-in-Chief.

Noble servants risk their own lives to save their masters from an imminent danger

STORY 61

once three fishes lived in a deep pool of a river. Of them, one intelligent fish watching the condition of the river carefully, understood that in future water would not stay in the pool. It called the other two fishes, and told them, "hereafter in this pool, water will get reduced. Then the fishermen will lay the net, catch and kill us. Therefore, in order that we should live, we should now move with the current slowly, reach the sea or some other pool. It we stay here any longer, great danger would befall us." Hearing these words, the other two ridiculed the first one. Thereafter, leaving the pool, following the current, the intelligent fish reached another place. Later, on the approach of summer the water in the pool became reduced. Then some fisherman came there laid the net and caught both the fishes and kept them on the shore. Of the two, one being very clever pretending to have died lay still. The second one without remaining still, began to jump again and again. Then the fisherman dashed it to the ground and killed it by trampling it under his foot. As for the other, as soon as

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the fisherman moved away a little it also moved towards the pool slowly without being seen by the fisherman, jumped quickly into the pool and reached safety.

Prescience and presence of mind help in tiding over dangers while procrastination spells ruin.

STORY 62

In Nishada kingdom, there lived a king called Sibi Chakravarthi, who was extremely just, protecting his subjects and protecting, more than his own life, those who sought refuge under him. While he was so ruling, the Gandharvas in heaven were praising his qualities. Devandra hearing this and with the object of testing him assumed the form of a vulture and made his friend, the God of Fire, to assume the form of a dove. Chasing the dove, he came down to the earth. Then the dove approached Sibi Chakravarthi, saying, "O king! Look at this vulture. Protect me from his clutches," sought his refuge. Then the vulture also came to the king and requested, "O! king! If you try to protect this which is my prey, I shall certainly die. Therefore give this to me." Then the king told the vulture, "I shall give you flesh from my body equal to the weight of the dove. Leave this.." Hearing this, the vulture said: "If that be so, give me flesh equal to the weight of the dove by weighment in a scale." Vowing to do so, the king got the scales, put the dove in one pan and put the flesh cut from his body

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in the other. Howevermuch he cut his flesh and put it in the pan, the pans did not balance. Then the king himself sat in the pan. Both the pans became even. Being very much pleased by the qualities of the king, both Agni and Indra manifested themselves in their real forms, praised the king and returned to their world after granting the boon he asked.

Thus noble men do not care even for their own lives in saving the dependents.

STORY 63

There lived a crane on a silk-cotton tree on the bank of the river Krishna. Seeing a swan pass that way, the crane accosted it saying, "your body is white like mine. Only the feet and beak are red. I have not so far come across a bird like you. Who are you? Where are you coming from? The swan replied, "I am the Swan of Lord Brahma. I live in Manasa lake, and am coming from there." Again the crane asked, "what are all the things available there? What is your food?" The swan replied, "all the things found there are created by God. Therefore, it is impossible to describe their beauty. Listen, I shall describe a few things. In that world, the earth is of gold, water is equal to nectar, lotuses are of gold, sand is mixed with pearls. There are Kalpa trees which give whatever is desired for and several other holy articles and scenes. I eat the fruits inside the gold lotuses." Hearing this, the crane questioned again, "are bi-valve

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shells available there or not?" The moment the swan said, 'no', the crane laughed loudly and objected, "you praise that the Manasa Sarovara is a very lovely area. How can any spot be ever beautiful without shells? Without knowing this, you are bragging that all the things found there are excellent."

Even things of intrinsic excllence are decried by those who do not know their merit.

STORY 64

Once a demon called Hiranyakasipu was ruling the earth. In order to attain immortality, he did penance over several thousands of years. Being pleased by his penance, Lord Brahma appeared and asked the demon, "what boon do you want?" The demon prayed, "O Lord! Bless me so that I would not be slain by gods, beasts or men." Brahma returned to his world after blessing him, "let it be as you pray." Then the demon summoned all the subjects in his kingdom and commanded, "no one else should be worshipped except me." He was thereby being worshipped by them daily. He used to torment greatly the gods, Brahmans, and specially those among them devoted to God Vishnu. However Prahlada, one of his four sons, was worshipping Lord Vishnu day and night. The demon called his son to his side and told him, "don't worship Vishnu, my enemy" in soft as well as harsh words. Even though he was compelled by his father again and again in this way, without listening to his words, Prahalada

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said, "I do not worship anyone other than Vishnu who is the Lord of the world." Hearing this, the demon getting extremely angry and saying, "you fellow! show me where that Vishnu is who has given you such a mind. I shall catch and kill him this moment," paraded himself frighteningly. Prahlada said, "father, How is it possible to say which exactly is the place where he lives? But he is everywhere." Then the demon pointing to a pillar in the centre of the hall set with precious gems asked, "is it true that Vishnu is present even in this also?" When he heard Prahlada saying, "yes, He is here," Hiranyakasipu getting very angry with reddened eyes and gnawing his teeth nosily smote the pillar with his palm. Splitting the pillar, assuming the form frightful to the enemies with the face of lion and the body of man, Vishnu, catching hold of the demon, cleft his chest, drank his blood, and protected the devotee Prahlada.

Thus, those who surrender to the Lord are never forsaken.

STORY 65

There was a tamarind tree on the bank of some lake. A crane was living on it. Being aged, it was too weak to go from place to place and find food. It was feeding on the fishes in the lake. It was requesting the birds passing that way every day by inviting them, "stay here to-day, eat with me the fishes available in the lake and leave tomorrow."

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To this affectionate invitation, the birds used to tell the crane, "you are very much aged. If we stay here and eat the fishes in this lake, you will have no food for tomorrow and will die. Therefore we will not stay here," and leave the place. At this juncture, by ill-luck, there was a severe famine on earth. All the birds due to scarcity of water everywhere, becoming very much worried thought, "we will go to some place with plenty of water and spend the period of famine there." The birds from all directions, flying in groups in innumerable numbers with great noise gathered simultaneously on the tree in which the old crane was living and told the crane: "Famine is on. The water of this lake would dry up in a year's time. Thereafter you will die. If you follow us to-day alone, you would be saved. Therefore start off." To this the crane replied, "I am unable to fly properly. How can I start with you?" and requested them very much, "you must stay in my house here for a day and leave the next day." They replied: "If we stay here, all the acquatic creatures will be destroyed in one day alone. Being old and being unable to go to other places, you will die for want of food. Therefore, we will go away." In spite of their saying so, the crane began to compel the birds again and again to stay for a day. Thereafter all the them entered the lake, ate all the creatures and left the place on being given a send off by the old crane. The little water that was in the lake became muddy on account of the trampling of the birds, and dried

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up in two or three days. Thereafter, the crane being unable to move out, died for want of food.

A prodigal dies of want.

STORY 66

In Visalapura city, once a king who would not transgress justice (Dharma) or law, was ruling the kingdom., Some enemy of his occupied the city. He left the city and entered a forest followed by a minister of his. Being unable to stay there for long for fear of the enemy and being unable to travel bare-footed admidst stones and thorns and having become tired on account of hunger and thirst, he sat on the bank of a pond greatly worried not knowing what course of action he should pursue. With tears in his eyes, he addressed the minister who had followed him even in such a grave danger thus: "O minister! I have lost my kingdom. There are no horses, elephants, chariots or palanquins. Being caught in great difficulty, I do not wish to live any longer. Shall I drown myself in deep waters or shall I fall from a high cliff or shall I enter the blazing fire?" Hearing the tale of woe of the king, the wise minister consoling him said, "O king! by course of destiny we have lost our kingdom. I am not able to see any use in seeking death in this way. Even our enemy-king has foes. Cultivating friendship with them, gathering an army, we shall recover the kingdom by defeating our enemy in war. Where is the certainty that we will not recover

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the lost kingdom? The new moon losing all its lustre of all its digits, wanes. Does not the same moon wax once again during the bright fortnight? Even so for us, when days of prosperity come by the grace of God, we will realise all our desires." Feeling comforted by these words and giving up dejection, the king gained courage. Gathering a huge army, he fought with the enemy again, drove him away, took possession of his kingdom and after coronation ruled happily for a long time with the minister.

Wise ministers become capable of warding off all imminent dangers of the king by suitable manouvres.

STORY 67

There were 300 houses in the city of Subhadrapura. All the residents there were well-to-do. Having built spacious mansions with many storeys, they were living happily, worshipping the guests. They had a neighbour by name Asalloshta. He was very poor but had a large family consisting of a number of sons, daughters-in-law, grand-children and daughters. Every day receiving alms by begging in all these 300 houses, he would return to his house in the third part of the day(about 3 p.m.) and take his food. Once it happened that Lord Parameswara and Parvathi were passing over that village during their (aerial) travel in the sky. Stopping their air-craft there,and noticing that amidst three hundred houses

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of wealthy persons, there was the solitary house of a poor Brahman without any means for food or clothing, Parvathi Devi told Lord Parameswara, "let some riches be given to this Brahman." Laughing at these words, Parameswara said, "this Brahman is greedy. If wealth is given to him he will not feel happy. Thereby only torment will result to all the people here." Being compelled by the Devi saying, "at least a little portion be given to him," Parameswara agreeing to do likewise, came down to the earth with his counter-part. The Brahman begging here and there and tying small bundles in a cloth, containing things like rice, green gram, black gram, peas, salt, chillies, tamarind, pepper, mustard, jeera, methi, vegetables etc and keeping the bundle in his arm pit came there with his feet scorched in the hot sun sweating profusely and feeling thoroughly exhausted. Then Parameswara called him and asked him, "Hallo! Why are you undergoing such difficulty ? I will give a precious stone. It must be worshipped by you. It will give you whatever you desire. It will give twice as much to all your neighbours residing in the 300 houses." So saying, giving the precious stone to him god disappeared. Taking the precious stone to his house he took his bath and offered worship to the precious stone and prayed: "Let me get 100 pots of paddy, 10 pots of green gram, 100 cows, one mansion of gold." In one night alone, he obtained all that he asked for. His neighbours got twice as much. Seeing this he never felt happy at his own riches. Out of jealousy, he had a heart-burn

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at the fact that his neighbours had become more wealthy than before. Then he worshipped the precious stone again and prayed that all that he obtained on the previous day should be destroyed. Accordingly all that was his was destroyed, while all that the houses of neighbours obtained was not destroyed. But all the people there died. The jealosy of the Brahman was appeased by the destruction of the neighbours. Again some time later, Parvathi and Parameswara came to that kingdom, learnt about the difficulties caused to the subjects by the Brahman, took back the precious stone from him and brought back to life all those that were dead, made them more happy than before and went away. The Brahman was begging as before.

Those that envy the prosperity of others cannot themselves get on.

STORY 68

On a banyan tree in Vindhya mountains lived a parrot-couple. They begot two young ones called Rama and lakshmana. Once a hunter, spreading the net, took the young ones and sold Rama to a Brahman on the banks of the river Godavari and Lakshmana to a butcher. Both of them took the parrot purchased, to their respective houses and talking to them often, brought them up very affectionately. Meanwhile the old parents of these young ones not being able to see them, were grief-stricken and sorrowful. After the passage of a few days, with a desire to search

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the children they left their residential tree and went on searching night and day in the hills, trees, ponds, villages, wells, rivers, gardens, bowers, houses, gatherings, temples, mansions, storeys of palaces. After some days, reaching the Brahman's house on Godavari bank and the bucher's house, they saw their children in cages utterring sweet words. With their heart filled with joy, they approached the Brahman, fell at his feet and submitted to him that the young ones were their children. The Brahman treated the aged parents with hospitality and kept them with him for some days. Then he brought about the union of Rama, brought up by him and Lakshmana obtained from the butcher by paying him some money. Then the old parrots taking their children along with them reached their place and lived happily for some time and died. Thereafter, it being not possible for Rama parrot and Lakshmana parrot to live together in the same place, the first one among them left that place and began to live by building a nest in some mango tree six miles away. Then a Brahman desirous of having a bath in the Ganges and being exhausted in the sun reached the tree where Lakshmana parrot was residing in order to take some rest. Seeing him the parrot calling the other birds cried aloud, "look here! Someone resembling a man has come. Pull out his eyes and cut off his neck. We shall eat him." Hearing this loud noise, the Brahman getting frightened and without stopping, ran to the tree where Rama parrot was residing. Seeing him even as he was nearing

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the tree, this parrot addressed the other parrots in a loud tone saying, "some tired Brahman has come. Spread tender leaves on the floor. Let him sit there comfortably. Let us pluck the fruits and give him. As he is our guest, let him eat them." Being pleased by hearing this the Brahman asked, "the first parrot cries that I should be killed; as for you, you say like this. How is it?" So being asked, the parrot replied, "we are brothers. I was brought up in a Brahman's house. There, I have seen Brahmans and guests being shown hospitality. Therefore my mind moves this way. That parrot having brought up in a butcher's house, it has seen goats, rams, and cows being butchered. Therefore its mind moves in that way."

A person's character, good or bad is moulded by his training and environment in the early days.

STORY 69

There was a merchant in Mahilapura city. He had a wife by name Chandramukhi. They begot a son named Sumathi. The merchant died when the son reahed 5 years of age. There was none to protect his wife and son. Therefore, taking her son, she went to another merchant who was the friend of her husband and told him her tale. From then onwards, he arranged for their stay in his house and protected them with food and clothing.

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In a few days, the boy became proficient in reading, writing and arithmetic. Then his mother told him, "you have become competent by this education. Hereafter you must take up some profession and live. It is not proper to live in this merchant's house. Our ancestors were pursuing trading profession from a very long time. It would be good if you follow the same. Listen! I shall tell you your duties. There is a city called Kundinapuram near this city. There is a merchant called Dharmapala. If anyone of his own community people were to approach him, he supports them, giving them whatever money is required for business. Therefore, go to him and seek his support. You will be happy." Thereafter taking leave of his mother, he went to the house of that merchat. The merchant was scolding some Vysya who had taken a lot of money from him and completely squandered the whole and had come to him once again to seek some more money from him thus: "Hallo! I gave you money that you wanted. Without earning even some money, you have squandered the whole and have come to ask me for more money. An intelligent person can earn money even with a dead rat as the capital. You are unworthy. Hence, I won't give you even a little again." This boy hearing all these words went to the merchant and requested him, "please give me that dead rat." The merchant getting angry and thinking that this fellow has come to make fun of him, gave him a dead rat and said, "go away." This boy took that dead rat and displayed it for sale

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in a shop and waited. Some person in order to feed a kitten which he was rearing purchased the dead rat for a handful of boiled gram. Then this boy taking the handful of gram and some water sat under the shade of a tree in some village and was giving a portion of the handful of gram and a little water to those tired persons passing that way carrying fuel loads. Those carrying fuel loads would eat the half-boiled gram chewing it and drink water thereby quenching their thirst. While leaving, they used to pull out one stick of fuel from their load and give it to him. From the money he got by the sale of fuel given by them on that day, he bought half-boiled gram and sitting under the same tree he was giving gram to the fuel carriers. They in turn gave him one fuel each. In this way in a few days out of the profit got by the sale of large quantities of fuel stocked, he bought all the bundles of fuel brought there and took them home. Then there was non-stop rain from that day for over a period of eight days. On account of this, it was not easy to get fuel anywhere in that city. Then that boy sold all the bundles of fuel for a high price and lived happily.

Therefore an intelligent man attains happiness by whatever means.

STORY 70

There was a king by name Veeramahendra. He had with him very many scholars. Of them, one

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Bharju was proficient in logic, grammar and other sciences. But he was quite ignorant of wordly affairs. All the other scholars though not proficient in sciences, had full knowledge of wordly affairs and were always conversant with the king posing themselves as scholars in sciences. Bharju was soft spoken and crisp in his answers to the queries put by the king. He was not wasting his words even in the least. The king recognising that Bharju proficient in all sciences, was superior to all the other scholars, used to show him great affection. Being unable to tolerate it, the other scholars used to insult and blame Bharju even in the presence of the king. The king being intelligent was ignoring their blames and conducting himself with reverence towards Bharju. Then all the scholars conspiring together took under their control, the palace gate-keepers by bribing them and prevented the entry of Bharju into the palace. After 4-5 days passed in this way the king questioned the scholars as to why Bharju had not come for the previous 4–5 days. The scholars replied, "we do not know about it. We will enquire tomorrow and submit." The next day they came to the king and submitted, "Bharju is ill. He is tormented by fever." Then, the king calling the doctors near him commanded them, "have a look at Bharju suffering from fever and come back after giving him medicine." The scholars won over the doctors also by bribing them. Then the doctors coming to the king every day used to report, "the condition of health of Bharju is all right one day. Another day, it becomes very

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bad. It becomes serious on some other day." When many days passed in this way, the king deciding to visit Bharju started by getting into the palanquin. Then one scholar approaching the king with great sorrow announced, "Bharju died just to-day." Hearing this with grief, the king said, "let me atleast have a look at the dead Bharju" and was desirous to start. Then the scholars said, "the king ruling a kingdom should not see a dead man." Being unable to overlook these words, the king felt grief-stricken at Bharju's death. Then these scholars freed a little by little the sorrow in the mind of the king. Bharju, on the other hand, realising the fraud played on him by the scholars, and anticipating the king's outing from the city and without being seen by anyone climbed an Aswatha tree on the way and cried loudly at the approaching king saying, "O Maharaja! Out of envy, these scholars have prevented me from approaching you and have falsely reported to you that I am dead. Maharaja, save me." At this moment, all the scholars near the king started chanting loudly the benedictory verses so that Bharju's words might not reach the king. Hearing the voice of Bharju, the king thought within himself, "are these the words of Bharju?" Bharju continued to narrate his tale. Then the scholars addressing the king, "Maharaja, the dead Bharju ,having become a devil lives in this Aswatha tree. Don't listen to his words," started incantation and gave him some holy ash (Vibhuthi) to ward off the evil effect caused by devil's conversation. Thereafter, no occasion arose for Bharju to talk to the king.

Best men fall victims to calumny.

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STORY 71

The master of a household putting two mango fruits to the hands of his cook ordered, "today, a friend of mine will be coming. Remove the outer cover and cut the fruit into pieces. When the friend comes, serve the pieces to both of us." Accordingly the cook cut the pieces and desiring to know how it tasted, put one piece into his mouth and tasted it. Finding that it was very sweet and without considering the consequences he himself ate all the remaining pieces. Within a few minutes the master came and asked, "have you cut the fruits into pieces ?" Then the cook handing over a knife with a blunt edge to the master said, "this knife is not fit even to remover the outer cover." Taking it, the master started sharpening it. While the master was so engaged, the cook coming to the outer door and telling the master's friend who had just arrived and taken his seat said, "Sir, I don't know who you are. Why did you come here ? In order to cut off your ears, my master has invited you here." So saying through an opening in the window, he pointed out his master sharpening the knife. Seeing it and believing the words of the cook, the friend started running. Then the cook said loudly to the master, "your friend is running away taking the fruits with him." The master on his part exhibiting the lifted knife and desiring to tell him "give one fruit" called out his friend aloud and shouting, "one, only one, one only" started from his house chasing him. On the other hand the friend thinking that he was desirous of cutting off only one ear started running with greater

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speed. After following him for some distance the master being unable to catch him returned home. The cook recalling his cunning trick again and again felt happy.

Knaves impose plausible falsehoods on people

STORY 72

While a thief was slowly committing theft in the house, the inmates of the house getting awake, loudly shouted, "thief, thief." Then the thief ran away. All the neighbours were chasing the thief. Seeing no way of escape and out of fright that some one might catch him, he started running very fast and approaching a tiger which was sleeping in the middle of the road, embraced it with his arms tightly, climbed upon its back and started kicking it with his legs. As for the tiger, it awoke at once and getting frightened thinking, "some terrible devil has climbed upon me. If I do not run away from here, it is sure to kill me," began to run at great speed carrying the thief. The thief who was seated on it came to know from the light of the stars that his vehicle was a tiger. Out of fear that when once the tiger came to know it was he it would kill him, and making it race by kicking the tiger with his legs again, he caught hold of a branch over his head of a way side tree and climbed it. Even though the devil on its back had left it the tiger out of a great doubt that it might catch it again, was running with great speed. Some fox coming

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opposite, asked it, "tiger sir, it is patent that you are running with speed panting for breath. What is the reason?" "O! Brother Jackal, what shall I say of this wonder? Even before day break, in the 4th part of the night, while I was sleeping some devil climbed over me. From then till this moment I carried it continuously. Look at the swelling on both my sides due to the kicking with its legs. Due to non-stop running, my legs are tired and painful. However I should say it is a pious devil. It is my luck that I have been spared." So saying the tiger rested. Hearing this, the jackal said, "how did you get into confusion of this kind? How did you come across a devil unseen, and unheard of at any time before, taking a new form? "Enough, enough of this confusion! I think that some deceitful man, knowing that you are gentle has caused this trouble. I shall go and cleverly probe into the matter and produce the cheat before you. Watch my cleverness." So saying, and by fixing the location of the tree upon which the devil climbed, it went there. Even prior to this, the thief, getting down from the tree had entered a nearby temple in ruins and closed the door. Not seeing anyone, the jackal guessing he must have hidden himself in some temple, tried to push the door. But the door was stone-hard. It was not possible to shake it. Then lifting the door a little using its hind legs the jackal pushed its tail into the resulting crevice and using the tail, began to lift the wooden hasp of the door. Then the thief hiding inside, getting frightened thinking,

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"the deceitful jackal had come and was saying that he was dead, caught the tail of the jackal tightly and pulled it forcibly. The tail being pulled forcefully by the thief from inside the temple and by the jackal from outside, was plucked at its very root. With streaming blood and howling all along, the jackal ran to the tiger and said, "tiger sir, it is not a devil but it appears he is one who cuts off the tail." It narrated its story showing its severed tail. Hearing this, the tiger filled with joy said, "by good luck I escaped from danger and am now living happily."

STORY 73

A scholar, specially proficient in logic, in order to bring oil went to the house of an oil-monger who was turning the rotary filled with sesamum (Til). While the oil-monger was pouring the oil into the measuring vessel, the logician asked the oil-monger, "Hallo! Why have you tied a bell to the neck of the bullock turning the rotary?" The oil-monger said, "sir, I would be moving the rotary even though I would be often getting into my house for doing some work. So long as I can hear the sound of the bell, I would know that the bullock is turning the rotary. If the sound stops, coming to know that the bullock has stopped moving, I would again make it move. The logician asked again, "do you not hear the sound of the bell even when the bullock being stationary shakes its head? Then

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how is it possible to know whether the rotary is moving or remains stationary?" The oil-monger replied, "so far my bullock has not learnt so much logic." Out of shame, the scholar hanging his head returned home.

Sometimes even scholars are resisted by sarcastic remarks of ordinary persons.

STORY 74

A merchant while returning from a foreign country got down in some forest on the way and tying his horse to a tree, took bath in a pond nearby. At the same time, some Muslim also came to the same pond and was tying his rickety horse to the same tree. The merchant cried aloud saying to the Muslim, "mister! My horse is mischievous and uncontrollable. With its legs, it will kick your horse, bite it and might kill it." The Muslim saying, "you fellow, get away! Did your grand father rear this tree? Don't simply shout" and tying his horse to the same tree got down into the pond and was taking his meal near the water. When once the Muslim was gone, his horse began to scratch the earth with its hind hooves and raise dust around the horse of the merchant. Laughing at it and praising within himself the skill of his horse, the Muslim continued to eat his food. When he came back, the horses were attacking and trampling upon each other waging a war. In the war, the horse of the Muslim fell down dead. Seeing this, the Muslim

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quarrelled with the merchant demanding him, "give back my horse." The merchant said in clear terms, "I won't return your horse. There is no reason for me to do so." Going to the nearby town, the Muslim stated to the judge that the death of his horse was caused by the horse of the merchant. The judge sent for the merchant and asked him, "with your horse, why did you cause the death of the Muslim's horse?" As for the merchant, feeling worried and thinking, "this court will not believe the true facts I may state. There is no witness. What shall I do?" He stood silently without giving any reply being tongue-tied. Seeing this, the judge said, "like a dumb man, he is not saying anything. He appears to be dumb." Then the Muslim himself narrating all that had happened and saying, "sir, he can talk well. When I was tying my horse to the tree on the bank of the pond, he shouted with a deafening voice which could be heard over a distance of nine miles saying, "my horse is mischievous and uncontrollabe. It is very valorous. Tie your horse to some other tree."

Hearing this, the judge realising that the complainant himself had stated in favour of the accused (merchant) said to the Muslim, "is it not true that the merchant objected saying, 'don't tie! Don't tie!.' You have proved this by your own words. Hereafter it is not possible to throw any blame on the merchant. Inspite of objections, you have tied the horse to the same tree, is it not so? Therefore you have to suffer the destruction caused by your own self."

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STORY 75

In Nasikapura there lived four cotton merchants. Having hired a house for rent, they used to stock therein the cotton bales purchased by them and carry on trade. The nuisance of the rats which used to chip off the cotton by biting increased in that house. Being unable to bear their nuisance, all of them jointly purchased a cat and reared it in the house. In order to demonstrate their love towards the cat and deciding that each of the legs should belong to each one amongst them, they decorated them with anklets and other jewels. On account of the friction due the jewels, one of its legs developed wounds. The merchant loving the wounded leg removed the jewels on the leg in order to cure the wound and wrapped it with a piece of cloth soaked in oil. Then, one night the cat hiding itself behind the lamp attacked the rat playing in front of it by leaping over suddenly. Then the piece of cloth tied to its leg caught fire by coming into contact with the flame. There was no way for the cat to untie the knot. When the flame began to increase, the cat, getting very much frightened and mewing, began to hop from corner to corner of the house. Seeing no way of escape and being dazed, it ran to that portion of the house where cotton bales were stored. In a short time thereafter, the heap of cotton caught fire and began to burn and was very soon completely burnt away. Seeing this, next day the remaining three persons quarelled with the merchant who had tied the cloth to the leg of the cat in order to cure the wound, demanding,

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"give us money for our loss." As for him, being sorrow-stricken, he was confused and thus unable to give any answer. Then these three persons approaching the court of the king filed a dispute for getting the money from that merchant to the extent of their share of loss. The king, listening in detail to the whole story told them thus: "Is it not correct that the leg belonging to this person had become lame? How is it possible to move with the lame leg? Therefore, it is only the three legs belonging to you that are the cause for the house-fire resulting from the jumping movement of the cat amidst the cotton heap. There is not even an iota of doubt in this. Therefore, the three of you jointly should build the house as before and hand it over to the owner. Being partners, all of you should make good the loss of money caused to the fourth."

STORY 76

A Vysya fixing an auspicious time for performing in his house, rites conducive to bring about prosperity, went to a neighbouring town and purchased things. While returning to his house, in order to get relief from exhaustion of the journey an account of the heat of the sun, he unloaded his bundle and sat in the shade of a way-side tree. After resting, when he got up from the place to walk the rest of the distance, he went away carelessly leaving behind at the foot of the tree his bag containing 100 rupees due to forgetfulness. A poor Brahman came there and took it in the same condition to his house and protected it keeping it in his place of worship.

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The Vysya had a proclamation published in the village offering to give a reward of Rs.10/- to whomsoever producing the money bag lost by him. Then the Brahman took the bag to the Vysya and produced it before him and requested him, "give me the reward." (The narration to be made hereafter will be stated later. By way of introduction, there is something to be said. Probably, people who lose money, after searching here and there for two or three days and being unable to trace it, scratching their head with their nails like monkeys eating raw ginger, unable to know how to proceed further, go on announcing to all those whom they come across saying, "if the lost money is found, one quarter of it would be given in return to those who produce it. If that portion is thought to be insufficient, it will be considered to give half to those producing it." These words would be in force only till the lost money is recovered. Once it is recovered, without giving even a copper coin, they argue with those producing it. The conduct of the Vysya in our story was also like this). When once the money bag was recovered, being unwilling to give anything to the Brahman, he told him, "Hallo! In this bag I had kept Rs.110/-. On counting now, I find only Rs.100/-. I believe you have taken the balance of Rs.10/- towards your reward. Is it not correct? Is it not enough? Out of it buy curds and milk and be happy." Hearing this, the Brahman said, "Alas! Setty! What is this? I have not even untied the knot of the bag. I kept the tied bag with the rupees in my prayer-room in the same condition in which I found it at the foot of the

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tree. Of what use is the property of others to me? Deciding to return the bag as soon as the owner was known, I protected it in my house. Listen to this: I take oath on my sacred thread, I don't know whether the inside of the bag was white or red. Don't throw false blame on a Brahman. Give the reward as promised." Thus, he asked the Setty gently in many ways. As for Setty, he rejected the words of the Brahman. Beyond saying, "being a Brahman, don't tell lies. Have you not taken the stipulated Rs.10/-? That is enough. You are proving the proverb that Brahmans are greedy to get hold of properties of others. Get away! Get away! Be satisfied with Rs.10/-," he did not give anything to the Brahman. When once the Brahman began to press the Setty even though he did not give anything, the Vysya put his hand on his neck and necked him out of the house. Remembering the old maxim, "Brahmans are slow witted" and "Brahman's brain becomes sharp after the spoil" and blaming his own foolishness with great sorrow, he went to the judge there and narrated to him in detail the cause of his grief. The Setty who was sent for and asked by the judge said, "Sir, this man got a bag containing Rs.110/-. This Brahman then took R.10/- and returned to me only the balance." The Brahman said, "I did not untie the bag. I returned the bag to him in the same tied condition." Then the judge said to the Setty, "well Setty, is it not true that your bag contained Rs.110/? But this bag contains only Rs.100/-. Therefore, this is not yours. Whenever a bag with Rs.110/- is recovered, then you will get it" so saying the judge gave the bag

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to the Brahman and sent back the Setty in the same way he had come.

STORY 77

A Muslim went to the shop of a Vysya and asked for rice. The Vysya saying, "I will give you quickly, just wait for a moment," was counting the money tendered towards the value of the goods purchased by a Brahman who had come earlier to the Muslim. The short-tempered Muslim being unable to tolerate the delay and shouting, (without courtesy) "you ass! Why are you delaying like this?" or restraint, took out his slippers from his feet and holding them in his hand dealt severe blows on the head of the Vysya. Though of a forgiving nature and unwilling to waste money on litigation, the Vysya, being instigated by the Brahman, went to a judge narrated to him the rough language and rude way of punishment adopted by the Muslim. The judge who was just, sent for the Muslim and asked him about the matter, as usual. He replied, "being a hasty man and being unable to bear the delay, it is true that I dealt blows on the head of the Vysya," and admitted his guilt. The judge, for his part, levied a fine of half a rupee and asked him to pay it. The Muslim trying to search for the money by putting his hand in his pocket, came quickly near the Vysya, dragged him powerfully in the presence of the judge, and beating him with his slippers, gave one rupee to his hands. When questioned by the judge why he was beating thus, he said; in my pocket I have only rupee coins. There is no change. You have just now decided

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that the value of one hit from the slippers is half a rupee. Therefore I gave him a second blow because I had given him one rupee." So saying he speeded away from the assembly. Being dazed by the haughtiness of the Muslim, the judge sat silently pocketing the insult.

Judges giving inadequate punishment experience insult.

STORY 78

A Person desiring to visit Rameswaram on a piligrimage with his family and followers, reached town called "Anyāyapattana" (town of injustice) on the way. As the provisions brought by him had been exhausted, he wanted to buy some rice. and went to the bazaar. One shop-keeper was measuring one unit for a rupee. Another one was measuring two units and the third four units per rupee. In this way while the traveller was enquiring by going from shop to shop and reached the last shop, the keeper of which said he would give ten units. Realising that the traveller was desirous of buying there, the keeper of the opposite shop said to him, "buy here, I will sell at 12 units per rupee," and called him. Thinking that rice was cheap in that shop, he wanted to buy sufficient quantity required for the rest of the journey and gave Rs.10/- to the hands of shop-keeper and asked him to measure the rice. Even before making the supply of the goods, he put the money received from the buyer into his cash chest and locking it opened the rice bag and began to measure holding the measuring

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vessel upside down. Having never known before such a measurement, the traveller got angry and asked, "what sin is this?" The keeper of the shop replied that, that was the measure there. Then telling him that he would not buy rice, he demanded the return of Rs.10/- tendered by him. The shopkeeper was adament in saying, "I won't return the money. If you like take the rice. Don't talk about money." Then the traveller went to the judge and narrated to him about the injustice. The judge sent for the shop-keeper and enquired him. The shop keeper submitted, "from the time of my father and grand-father, this is the custom in our shop." The judge asked the traveller "at the time of entering into sale, was it decided that the measurement should take place with the measuring vessel being erect?" The traveller replied, "since measurement with an erect measuring vessel, has been in vogue in all places, I did not ask him about this, as I did not know that there should be such an agreement between the seller and buyer in regard to rice." The judge examining the matter said, "the defendant does not agree for measurement with the erect measure. The plaintiff does not agree to the measure being upside down. Therefore we have to decide the matter via media. How shall we decide?" So saying after deliberating for long, the judge ordered, "I consider that measurement with the measure being sideways (horizontal) would be just. This decision must be respected by both the plaintiff and the defendant.

Hearing this, the traveller felt, "if I had not objected to the measurement of the shop-keeper,

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I would have got some rice at least. By coming to the judge, I did not get even that. Therefore I should not stay in this Anyāyapattana even for a moment"

Becoming sad on account of such worry, he reached his place of halt with empty hands and left the town without loss of time.

STORY 79

Once there arose an unresolvable dispute between the nose and the eyes regarding the ownership of spectacles. In order to decide the truth or otherwise of the dispute after enquiry, the very famous ears were appointed as the judges and the tongue with the gift of the gab and the powers of oratory was appointed as the advocate.

The advocate–tongue at first arguing on behalf of the nose stated: "It is not unknown to the hon'ble judge that it is the nose that always wears the spectacles. Therefore no detailed lecture is necessary in this matter. Ever since the world was created, it is the nose that enjoys the spectacles. There is an undoubted belief in the minds of the audience here that on account of long possession, the ownership of the spectacles belongs to the nose. If your lordship were to lift the face once and see, what has been established by me is clear." So saying it lifted the spectacles once and showing the same continued again, "just like a saddle is stitched so as to fit

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the horse, so have the spectacles been prepared to suit the nasal ridge. This matter requires investigation. The court may note that those without a nose do not wear the spectacles. This fact itself shows that it is the undoubted opinion that spectacles are meant for the nose. It becomes also known that the nasal ridge has been created by Lord Brahma only for the spectacles." After a while, arguing on behalf of the eyes, the tongue submitted: "Your lordship has to hear me patiently. If we examine the names such as, "Upanayana," "Upanetra," "Sulochana" even a boy can clearly understand that the ownership of the spectacles belongs only to the eyes and to no other organ. If the ownership had been of the nose only, then the names like "Sunāsika," "Upanāsika," "Upaghrāṇa" would have gained currency and not names like, "Sulochana" and so on. From time immemorial, it is true that the spectacles are worn by the nose but it is also true that the pleasure arising therefrom is enjoyed by the eyes only. Therefore the nose is only a slave of the spectacles. As for the eyes, they are the friends of the spectacles. We have never seen the blind wearing the spectacles at any time. How is it possible for anyone wearing the spectacles to comprehend any form (physical) if he closes his eyes? Therefore it is proved that the spectacles are meant only for the eyes." When the tongue, the advocate became quiet after arguing again and again for both the parties by turns, the ears being the judges to render a decision, talked between

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themselves thus: "The advocate by arguing ceaselessly on behalf of both the parties in this dispute has displayed his eloquence but it does not become clear that the arguments on both the sides are fully just." After deep deliberation, they gave a clear decision thus: "Whenever the nose wears the spectacles in day light or in lamp light, then the eyes have to close their eye-lids."

STORY 80

On some night, a blind man was walking from place to place holding a lamp in pitch darkness. All those that saw him kept their extended fingers on their cheek and tapping it (out of surprise), called the blind man and said, "you blind ass! Does not your lovely form look beautiful without your hand-lamp? We are not able to see what useful purpose the hand-lamp would serve during night for one who cannot see even during the day time?" And they ridiculed him by clapping their hands loudly. Hearing their words, the blind man said to them, "for those who have no sense, of what use are the eyes? Persons without sense become like blind men. Is it not a fact that you all have no internal vision to see the great help rendered by the hand-lamp I am holding? Listen, you idiots, who have no inner eye though you have external eyes. I will tell you the reason for carrying the lamp. I am not taking it for my own personal use. When once the lamp is not in my hand, then your eyes experience

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enveloping darkness on account of which you people moving from the opposite direction would trample upon me by dashing against me. By the presence of the lamp you are able to avoid the clash with me and give me side. Fie on you who have been unable to understand this much." Ridiculing them thus, he went away.

STORY 81

In the village of Kākapalvala, there was a Brahman by name, "Bhikshu." He gathered together all the Brahmans who carry the dead bodies and making them dependent upon him, he became their leader. He was always expecting that some death would take place in the houses of Brahmans. Whenever he had news of death anywhere, he would go to that place and when all the inmates of the house being dazed were found weeping, showing little sympathy he would say, "four persons are not sufficient to carry this corpse. In order to change shoulders, four more are necessary. Unless four rupees to each of the bearers are given, no one would come to carry it. However, I will have their opinion and return again." Then he would go to the bearers and say, "fellows! This is a rich man's house. Even if you are very much requested, say that none of you would be willing to carry it for less than four rupees each and that it is certain 8 bearers are necessary and that it would not be possible for

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four persons to carry the corpse." Conspiring thus he would come back to the house with the bearers, where the dead body lay and go to the master of the house and say, "I told them in soft words a thousand times but those bearers don't listen to my words. We can see some kind of sympathy at least among the butchers killing the goats and cows but there is not even an iota of sympathy or consideration on the part of these cruel fellows. I find this profession to be difficult. It is not for my happines. Don't unnecessarily argue in the matter of carrying this dead body. The size of this corpse is big and you yourself know it. It is difficult to carry it. We too know it. Therefore, no more words. To pay Rs.4/- per bearer as wages has been in vogue. For the four bearers and for two others more with them wages of Rs.24/- should be paid. Let 8 of them carry or only 4 or even only one of them carry it. You are not concerned with it. As for the dead body, it would reach its destination." So saying collecting Rs.24/-, he used to get the dead body carried only by three bearers giving them Rs.12/- only, taking the balance of Rs.12/- for running his profession. By this, he became famous in that area being known as, "Bhikshu," the corpse-bearer. Once the mother of the Brahman judge of the place died. Sending for Bhikshu, he ordered to call for the corpse bearers. To that Bhikshu replied, "it is not possible to carry this dead body by less than 10 bearers. The wages for each of them would be Rs.10/-. Otherwise, this work cannot

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be performed.''The judge asked him further, "while taking Rs.3 or Rs.4 from the other people, why are you demanding Rs.10/- from me?" Then replied Bhikshu, "Sir, previously there were 10 doctors in this town. On account of their merit (punya), everyday there would be two or three corpses. Now those doctors are dead. There are only two doctors. It is difficult to get even a single corpse a day. Therefore the income from the profession has become rare (as rare as the horn of a horse). Further, it is only today that the transaction with you is commencing. If you have work with us again, then we would reduce a portion of the wages but at the present give us the wages demanded." Hearing this, the judge though in sorrowful mood, laughed a little and told him, "let not such an event take place again in our house and let there be no dealing with you." Giving them as much as demanded, he had the dead body carried.

STORY 82

Gurumurthy Sastri of Panchanada, a place of pilgrimage near Tanjore town performed the marriage of his daughter with the son of Thyagaraja Somayaji of Madhyarjuna. The girl Saraswathi by name, after she attained age and went to the house of the mother-in-law and engaged herself in the house-hold duties. One night when she was serving food after finishing the cooking, a guest finding that there was shortage of salt for the soup, feeling it would not

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be proper to utter the word, "salt" in Tamil during the night time, particularly in the dining row of Vedic Brahmans told the lady to serve a little, "lavana," (the sanskrit equivalent for salt). Then calling the daughter-in-law proceding into the kitchen speedily, the father-in-law enquired, "O daughter-in-law! Do you know what is meant by 'lavana'?" Hearing this, the sweet lady said, "O! You are putting me a strange question. Being born as the daughter of a sastry and having become the daugher-in-law of a Somayaji, do I not know what is meant by 'lavana'?" So saying, proceeding quickly, she brought some cow-dung and served it to the plate of the guest. At this, all those present there laughed loudly until their sides split.

STORY 83

In Gopalapura village, there were two scribes who, without even lifting their bent heads, were always engaged in non-stop writing. Once their wives went to the house of a rich man in the town, Vishwanatha Pandit by name, having been invited for suvāsini pooja in connection with the function of 'kankana dhārana" and 'pushpa dhārana' of his daughter. Hearing the ladies gathered there describing the qualities of their respective husbands, one of them (the wives of the scribes) said, "my husband is a great expert in writing, he has no equal to him in that work. No one else can read his wwriting." So saying she was praising her husband. Objecting

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to this, the other said, "why do you say that there is none equal to him? Understand that there are others who are better experts than your husband. People say that my husband is more intelligent than your husband, because he himself cannot read his own hand-writing." So saying she was making a propaganda of the superiority of her husband. Seeing their foolishness, all the persons present there laughed to their hearts content.

STORY 84

There was a writer (letter-writer) in Uttamadāna pura. Every one in that village used to send letters to their relatives in distant places containing news about them after getting them written by this writer. Following this custom, one day, a Vedic Brahman requested the writer to scribe a letter for him to which the scribe replied, "O Vedic Brahman! my leg is wounded, I cannot walk. Therefore, it is difficult to write letters." Then, the Vedic Brahman thinking, "he is saying so being unwilling to write a letter for me," said to him, "I don't know what offence I have committed for making the writer to get angry in this manner against me?" Hearing this the writer told him, "O! Revered Vedic Brahman, don't think otherwise. I have always love and co-operation towards you. There is no dearth for them. I would not get angry with you even in dream. This is a fact. I have myself to read the letters written by me. Therefore, it is possible that the addressee of your

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letter might say, "let the writer of this letter be sent to read it, I may have to go to him. My legs are aching much as I have returned only a quarter of an hour ago after having gone over a distance of nine miles to read my letter. Once again I cannot go over such a distance. Therefore I said so. Apart from this, there is no other reason. Why should there be misunderstanding between us? Are we not friends? You should not mistake me. If not for you, for whom else shall I write? Come before dawn tomorrow. I shall certainly write a letter. Even in case I am required to go to the addressee to read the letter, I will not refuse it." So saying he sent away the Vedic Brahman.

STORY 85

Some person was writing a letter to a friend of his. Some other person who was acquainted with him for over a long time came to his house. sitting near the person writing, he was looking at the writing. Coming to know of this, the writer wrote thus: "Some foolish ass without sense is seeing my writing. Therefore I don't write any confidential matter. In the next letter, I shall write all confidental matters." Then the person seeing the letter became angry and said, "Ay! What matters your letter to me? What of you? Which is the ass which has seen your letter? I am not such a senseless fellow as would read the letter written by others. Is it proper to ridicule one who had just come with an idea

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of returning after spending some happy moments with a friend by talking to him?" Then the writer said, "I did not even move my lips. When did I ridicule you?" The visitor roared back pointing the letter, "have you not written so in it? Then the writer questioned him, "if you had not seen my writing, how else did you come to know the matter written therein?" Without answering he left the place, hanging his head in shame.

STORY 86

An advocate being proficient in law and who had obtained a degree in M.L., while examining a very aged witness who had just retired from his job after having managed government work for over a long period asked him, "Sir, you look weak. How has it been possible for you to remember this which took place ten years ago?" Then, the officer who had retired from the service and from the profession as well, replied, "Sir, it is not that I remember what happened only ten years ago, I have a memory of what took place even 20 years back." Then the advocate again asked him, "if that be so, let some instance be given. Let us check your memory." Then the witness who was old said, "Sir, do you not remember that you were studying for the examination 15 years ago?" Then the advocate confirmed what the old man uttered by saying, "yes, I was studying. It is a fact." Then the old witness said again, "during the same year at 9 p.m. on

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the 20th September, your father had come to me and took a loan of Rs.300/- towards the admission fees of the examination you were taking and that the the said loan has not yet been repaid." Hearing this, the advocate hung his head low in shame. All the advocates present there laughed loudly clapping their hands.

STORY 87

An advocate arguing in court on behalf of some boy addressed the audience thus: "Honoured members, look at this boy. He is a child who has not yet opened his eyes. There is none to care for him after the death of his father and mother. He is as helpless as a bird which has not yet feathered. If sympathy is not shown towards him by the court, he will soon become a useless idiot. As for his parents, they struggled for the sake of others and for the good of the country and died after serving for many years." So saying, he lifted up the child and exhibited him to the spectators. He gave a number of legal examples so as to generate kindness in them. Then the boy held by him in his hand shouted loudly and cried. Seeing it the judge, full of sympathy, was in tears and was deliberating. Realising the atmosphere of the situation, the advocate for the other side rose and talking to the boy asked him, "child, for what reason, are you crying loudly?" to which the boy replied, "someone who is behind me is pinching my thingh with nails" and continued to cry.

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STORY 88

There was an agriculturist (ryot) in a village in some part of the country. One day he went to a nearby town to buy seeds. There a large number of people had come to court from several villages. All of them were going to some famous advocate who was an expert in legal matters for consulting him regarding intricate matters of legal procedure in order to know things and to know the clever method they had to follow for succeeding in their disputes. Seeing them, this ryot also went with them to the advocate and requested him, "Sir, I am prepared to pay fully the fees prescribed by you and that too without delay. Therefore, please give me also some advice." The advocate thinking that he also might have come just like others in regard to some dispute asked him, "what is your matter?" He replied, "Sir, I have come to take your advice."

Advocate :– Did some clash or dispute take place among your brothers?

Ryot :– I am the only son born to my parents.

Advocate :– Have your cousins snatched your lands unlawfully?

Ryot :– Even while my ancestors were alive, our shares and those of the cousins have been divided. There is no trouble in regard to them.

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Advocate :– Have some among those who are working together with you in agricultural operations acted illegally by not giving your share?

Ryot :– They are obedient to me. No one among them transgresses my words.

Advocate :– Is any one from whom you have taken a loan compelling you to repay his loan at once?

Ryot :– So far, I have not known how to borrow even a copper coin from anyone or from anywhere.

Advocate :– Even though you have not obtained any loan from others, has any one having taken a loan from you been trying to cheat you by refusing to repay the amount borrowed?

Ryot :– They are all favourable to me. No one appears to cheat me.

Hearing this, the advocate thought that the ryot who wanted to give his money to him without getting any benefit must certainly be a fool, a drunkard, an idiot or a mad man. Then calling him, he said, "Hallo! Without a fee of 10 varahas (gold coin), you would not get any advice from me. You are wasting your money by giving it to me." The ryot saying, "Sir, don't say so. How is it possible that

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your advice to me alone would be a waste when you are advising so many people? I am right now paying 10 coins demanded by you. Bless me with a good advice." compelled the advocate with his request. Then realising that he would not leave him without advice, the advocate tore a paper and writing on it, "whenever proper time comes for doing a work, it must be done then alone. It should not be delayed to be done on the morrow or the day after." Putting it in an envelope and closing its mouth, he put it in the hands of the ryot and told him, "take this safely and keep it in a box and protect it. In times of emergency, read this writing and act accordingly. Good would result to you." So saying and taking 10 varahas from him, he sent him away.

As for the ryot after returning home he would feel happy always telling the villagers that for 10 varahas he got advice from the advocate. After some days passed, once grains were being separated from husk and heaped on the thrashing floor. The ryots round about planned thus: "Inspite of great effort our work would not be completed during one night only. We could take home the grains by bringing the carts tomorrow. Tonight we will all protect the grains by sleeping here alone." As for this ryot, feeling doubtful, he brought the writing given by the advocate and got it read over by some poor Brahman who had come to the thrashing floor for collecting alms. He resolved his doubt and saying,

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"Alas! If the work to be done now is delayed till tomorrow, the 10 varahas given to the advocate would be a waste." This intelligent man hired a cart and had all his grains taken home even within the second part of the night itself. Then by bad luck, the sky became full of clouds in the third part of the night. As though all the clouds (7 clouds) had gathered together and were raining, there was tremendous rain. All the ryots in the other thrashing floors were drenched breathing with difficulty and watched helplessly their heaps of grains being carried away by the speedily moving current of water and wondered very much at such good luck of this ryot.

Delay is dangerous

STORY 89

In some country, for several years there was no rainfall. On account of this terrible rainlessness, there resulted a big famine. In order to bring rain, some performed japa for the god of rain, (varuna japa), some fed religious Brahmans; some performed non-stop consecreted sprinkling of water from the pots over the Shiva linga. Some others performed several types of religious rites, such as meditation, penance, recitation of scriptures; others performed a religious rites according to their own desire. Seeing all this, a school master led all the boys studying in the school to some field outside the town where there was good breeze. Some of the citizens were

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surprised at this. They asked the teacher, "O! Teacher, for what reason have you brought these students outside the town today?" Hearing this, the teacher replied: "Respected Sirs! The boys are simple-minded. There will not be even the least fraud, cunningness or deceit on their part. Is it not said by people that children are equal to Gods? Therefore, the God of Rain worshipped by them would take pity and cause a down pour of rain. I am taking them to a place outside the town where the wind (from the town) does not blow." Then one among the citizens said, "if the creator were to fulfil the desires of children, the entire hell would have been filled up with teachers." Hearing this sarcastic remark, the teacher smiling took his students back to the school.

STORY 90

In some city there were two young men who had been friends from childhood eating in the same plate, sleeping in the same bed, studying in the same school and having mutual love. Of them, one had his education with dedication. The other was way-ward, afflicted by bad luck and had the company of vicious persons. He was a leader of hooligans and was prominent among the persons of bad behaviour. In course of time, they reached an age of shouldering family responsibility. The educated man attained a high position in Government. As for the other, he had fallen into evil days and was

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suffering from poverty. Then remembering the officer-friend and hoping that he might do some help to a friend recalling the old acquintance, he went to him. As for the officer, he behaved like a stranger and asked him, "who are you? What is the use of coming to me?" Hearing this the visitor being disappointed said, "fellow! I am your old friend. Learning that you have become blind (of both the eyes), I came to you to ascertain your present condition." So saying, he retraced his steps towards his home.

STORY 91

Once half an hour before sunset, some foreigners who had come on a pilgrimage to Rameswaram were sitting on the beach and talking. Then a boy, gasping for breath and with saliva flowing through the corners of his mount, came running. They asked him, "O boy, why have you come here being frightened?" Still being out of breath, he said, "I have come after driving out 100 soldiers." While all of them were wondering, "ha, this boy has driven out 100 soldiers" one of them who did not believe the words of the boy asked him, "boy, how did you drive them out?" Then the boy said: "At the rate of 20 soldiers per row, arranged in 5 rows, they were practising the use of arms by feigning to run, stand, throw the dagger, pierce the dagger, wield the swords, shoot with the guns by aiming at the target etc. After watching their practice in

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the use of arms, I pelted a piece of stone on them. Seeing this, their instructor called out loudly, "catch (him), catch (him)." Avoiding their hold and blows, I came running. The 100 soliders are pursuing me to kill me." Hearing this, all those present there laughed till their sides split.

STORY 92

Once many people had assembled in a place in a village. Then a boy expressing happiness came running to them and said loudly, "the king talked to me, the king talked to me." So saying patting himself on his chest, he publicised his greatness. When he was asked, "what did the king say?" He said, "I was standing on the passage where the king was passing. The king coming with his retinue seeing me halted and said, "fie! Silly fellow, get away from the path. So he talked to me." All of them made fun of him saying, "Oh! he talked to you, is it not? Hereafter, what more do you want? You are blessed."

STORY 93

Some officer went to some cloth shop and after selecting a lace-bordered clothe brought it and asked the shop-keeper what its price was. The shop-keeper being preoccupied in some thought replied, "here I am, wait a minute." When the shop-keeper did not attend to the customer even after a lot of time, the customer asked him, "Hallo! Have you not yet

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finished your contemplation ?'' To that, the shop-keeper said: ''I have finished half and the other half still remains.'' The visitor asked, ''which is that big matter of which you are thinking?'' The shop-keeper said, ''Sir, I shall state it. A few days ago I saw the daughter of the President of this town. Ever since then I have been trying continuously to marry that gem of a lady. Today half of what I desired is completed. This matter was fully discussed amongst me and my relatives. If the relatives of the girl also approve of my desire, undoubtely my desire would get fulfilled.'' The officer, hearing this, burst into laughter and saying to him, ''complete the remaining half of the work you started'' went to another shop.

STORY 94

Some richman after returning to his house from his pilgrimage to Benares, arranged a religious dinner. Thousands of Brahmanas had gathered there for dinner. After the dinner, a Vedic Brahman desired to return home. Having over-eaten, he was unable to bend down and search for his footwear. He called his disciple ordering, ''O! disciple, search and bring here my footwear.'' The disciple who had beaten his master in over-eating, replied with his head turned upward, ''revered master, your footwear is not seen anywhere in the space from here upto the stellar orbit.'' Getting angry, the master ordered him again saying, ''fie, you depraved fellow, you are searching

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my footwear in the sky? Bend your head down and search on the ground." The disciple replied again, "Sir, is there any fool who has eaten less than you? It is possible only for him to bend his head down and see." A Person standing at the threshold of the house, hearing the conversation between the master and the disciple, laughed and after search, placed the footwear near the foot of the plumpy Brahman saying, "learned Sir, here is your footwear." Wearing them, being belly-full, the Brahman with his disciple started walking slowly step by step with great effort. On the way, another Brahman lying on the pial of a house was gently rubbing his belly breathing deeply. Then a widow from inside the house came to the Brahman and asked, "Somayaji, shall I bring some digestive mixture?" Addressing her, the Brahman replied, "O good lady, do you think that if there was space even for one drop of water in my stomach, I would have failed to consume two sweet-cakes and two puddings more?" Hearing his words, master and disciple expressesd their appreciation saying, "O! Brahman, well said" and reached their home.

STORY 95

Once some pilgrims proceeding from the Himalayas to Rameswaram and some other pilgrims proceeding from Rameswaram to the Himalayas, gathered in a choultry built for the foreigners in the city of Rajamahendrapuram. Each one of them began to

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recount the wonders he had seen. A person who had come from Rameswaram said with exaggeration, "in a village called Shakasthana on our way, each one of the branches of the vegetable plants was perhaps a hundred fathoms (600 feet) in area. Their growth is like this: The date palms standing near them look like sprouts. It is possible to feed a thousand Brahmans at a picnic under the shade of each branch." Hearing this, a person coming from the Himalayas said, "we had halted at a city called Katāha Mandapa on our way for a day. There, one potter was making a big pot. Ah! how is it possible to describe that wonder? The bottom area of that was not less than 500 yojanas (4500 miles)." The first man asked: "For what purpose was that pot being made?" The second one replied, "true! It may be for cooking the vegetable branch you had seen."

One hyperbole is matched by another.

STORY 96

A porcupine being chased by hunters was in search of a place of refuge. Just then, a cobra desiring to have some breeze and putting out its head outside the ant-hill said, "Oh king of Porcupines, come here and stay in our house and protect yourself." Being very much pleased by these words, the porcupine entered the ant-hill and hid itself. The hunters being unable to trace it by repeated search went away disappointed. Thenceforth the porcupine was moving

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here and there in the jungle area eating fruits and roots and was again returning to the ant-hill to sleep there. All the other snakes in the ant-hill to sleep there. All the other snakes in the ant-hill were getting injured by the movement of the sharp bristling hair of its body while it slept. They submitted their difficulties to the king of serpents who assured them not to be afraid. Then, the king of the cobras went to the porcupine and said, "O king of purcupines, you have tided over the danger. When it recurs, you are welcome to come here without any obstruction. By your living here, it is gathered that the snakes are undergoing trouble. Therefore until another occasion arises for you to come, you may go to your home and live happily." Then Mr.Porcupine said, "I do not have even the least difficulty here. Therefore there is no reason for me to leave this place and go elsewhere. If you find it difficult to live here, you may search out some good place and live there. I will not come there and cause you any difficulty."

Give him but an inch, he will take an all.

STORY 97

Once a player on the Mridangam (drummer) was going to a temple having agreed to render some service. On the way, feeling thirsty with parched tongue, he went to some house, lodged his drum on a mortar located on the pial, went in and was drinking water. Then, addressing the drum, the mortar

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said, "brother drum, how can I describe my difficulty ? (It is well-known that I am receiving night and day the pounding blows of the pestle). People who work with me from morning to night express their grief by saying, 'we pound the rice, powder the turmeric, grind the flour, crush the pepper, grind into a paste the perfumed leaves (davana) and leaves of lemon plant' and so on. By hearing such words as these, I have no rest at all. Meanwhile, you have come and sat on me as though my present difficulties are on the decrease and you want to make up for it. Does it give you any benefit (merit) ?" Addressing the mortar which expressed the above lamentation, the drum said, "brother mortar, you think that no one else experiences the difficulties that you do ? Listen to some of my stories. Thereafter, if you want to say anything, you may do so. Your body is fat and is as strong as the pestle, not admitting even an ant to enter into it. It is as heavy as a bronze chariot not yielding even to heavy pounding. Despite having strength to bear anything, you are lamenting over your inability to bear the blows only on one of your sides. To whom shall I express my difficulties ? It is said that if one were to cry loudly, half the sorrow gets reduced. Tell me if there is any holy man with a soft heart who would listen to my tale of suffering and comfort me, thereby feeling happy himself. Listen to my words. My body is very delicate. My body is tied with the help of thin bamboo sticks which will break if held strongly by even a weak person and with

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the help of a dry skin which would fall into pieces if bitten by a rat or a dog. A poor fellow like me who could be blown off even by a puff of wind is being used night and day without any sense of time, without being shown even the least sympathy during wrestling matches, street dances, during war, during merriment and festivities, during religious rites and worship, during the recitation of epic tales, during annual festivities of the deities of the temples, during music festivals, during the musical narrations of the exploits of some deity or the other, during merry-making parties, during dramatic performances and so on. They strike me on both my sides, beat me, hammer me and slap me. To whom shall I express my pain? Just because of thirst, the drummer gave me respite by placing me on you. Otherwise, by this time, I would have screamed with pain by being beaten on both my sides. Just as what is pain for the rat is pleasure for the cats, the severe pain I suffer when beaten causes pleasure to the audience because of the sweet music emanating from the blows. Alas! O God, look there. There comes the satan to cause me torture. Brother mortar, my end is nearing. I shall take leave of you." While it was so saying, the drummer after quenching his thirst, lifted the drum, hung it on his neck and started off towards the temple.

With a narrow view, each thinks he is the worst affected.

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STORY 98

An officer had appointed, on a monthly salary, persons to carry his litter in which he was going to places he desired to visit. Once the calf of his cow having strayed away was not found. Then he ordered the bearers of the litter to go in search of the calf and bring it. To that they replied, "we know only to carry the litter and not to search the calf or to cut grass." Hearing this and thinking that the litter-bearers had become very arrogant, he ordered them to bring the litter. Seating himself therewithin, he asked them to carry him amidst thorny bushes and amidst boulders and rocks to search his calf. Then the litter-bearers, suffering from leg pain on account of the injury from the thorns became unable to walk. They realised that this was all the result of their incivility and told (the master), "Sir, we ourselves will search for the calf and bring it. Please be happy by staying at home." Being so compelled, the officer said, "you rascals, our agreement is not like that. I have to search the calf and you have only to carry the litter," so saying, he only repeated what they had said (before). Then they fell at his feet, pacified him, made him get down in his house and produced the calf before him after a search.

Arrogance gets subdued soon.

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STORY 99

In some town lived four blind men. They had a desire to see an elephant. They were requesting again and again all the persons whom they met to show them an elephant. At this juncture, a mahout (elephant-driver) coming to know of their desire and feeling curious to know how it was possible for the men born blind to be able to see an elephant, told them that, "I will bring my elephant. See it to your heart's content." So saying, he brought his elephant and stationed it before them. One of the blind men examined the leg of the elephant from end to end with his hands. Another touching its ear, examined it. The third man held its trunk in his hands and imagined the form of the elephant. The fourth man caught hold of the tail and was thinking that an elephant was like that. Having examined different organs of the elephant, they felt happy to say that they have understood the form of the elephant. The mahout asked them what was their conclusion about the form of the elephant. The man who examined the feet said, it was like a mortar. He who examined the trunk said it was like a pestle. Disagreeing with the above two, the person who held the ear said that it was like a winnow. Refusing to accept the views of all the above three, the person who held the tail said angrily that it was like a broom. Laughing at their ignorance, the mahout went away with his elephant.

Examining in part does not give a comprehensive view.

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STORY 100

Once when a king was coming out of his palace, he saw at the gate a person holding a hen in his hand. The king asked him, "who are you? Why are you standing on the way?" He replied, "Sir, in a wager in your famous name, I have won this hen which was the bet. So I have come to offer it at the feet of your Highness." The king ordered him to keep it inside and go. He also did accordingly. On another day, seeing the man standing with a sheep, the king asked "what is it?" He submitted that he had won that also in a wager in the name of the king. Having been permitted as before, he left the sheep in the palace and went away. Again for the third time, seeing the same person (who had come with some gamblers), the king asked him, "how is it you have come without anything?" To which he replied, "Sir, it is not that I have not come without anything. Wagering with a bet of 2000 varahas in the name of your Highness, I have lost it. These persons are compelling me to give them the amount of the bet. They are worrying me without showing any sympathy. Therefore I have brought them before your Highness." Arranging 2000 varahas to be given from the treasury, the king sent him away saying that thereafter he should not wager in his name.

The temptation of gambling should be curbed.

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